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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. XXII.

THOMSON.

PHILADELPHIA:
UBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE
William Brown, Printer.

1819

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

[redacted]

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LIFE OF THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, the son of the pastor of Ednam, in Roxburgshire, Scotland, was born on the 7th of September, 1700. His father had nine children; and, as his revenues were too scanty to think of giving either a liberal education, Mr. Riccarton, a neighbouring minister, thought he saw in James a sufficient promise of distinction to reward the labour and expense of providing him books and teachers. He was first sent to a school in Jedburgh; and subsequently removed to Edinburgh. At the death of his father, which happened two years after his removal, his mother raised some money, by a mortgage of the paternal estate, and went, with the whole family, to live at Edinburgh.

Thomson had not yet displayed the first fruits of that excellence, which his original patron anticipated, and which he ultimately attained. At Jedburgh, he showed no remarkable superiority to other boys; and, having remained a considerable time at Edinburgh, without distinction of any kind, he was, at last, brought into notice only to be rebuked. He had been designed for the ministry; and, being obliged to explain a psalm, as a probationary exercise, he employed language so figurative and poetical, that Dr. Hamilton pronounced the whole thesis unintelligible, and charged one of the expressions with profanity.

This rebuff is said to have deterred him from the further prosecution of ecclesiastical life; and, though his readers may now suppose, that he had yet an abundant resource in his talent for poetry, some of his early judges were of a different opinion, and he had himself so little partiality for his juvenile verses, that, while at school, he made it a practice, at the beginning of every new year, to burn all the productions of the last. Notwithstanding a few severe criticisms, however, he found sufficient encouragement to cultivate his favourite study; and, as London was the only place, which afforded ample scope for the exhibition of his powers, the recommendation and promised assistance of a lady, the friend of his mother, induced him to take his way for that metropolis. He had letters of recommendation from many persons; and, the more effectually to secure them from soil or loss, he wrapped them in his pocket-handkerchief. But, being both a newcomer and a poet, he found something to admire at every step in the metropolis; and, while he was indulging his curiosity, the sharpers filched his pocket-handkerchief, with all its contents.

He was enabled, however, to gain admittance to Mr. Mallet; and necessity soon made him acquainted with the booksellers. By what gradation of indigence, he became reduced to a poet, it would be vain to enquire; but who can deny him that title, when he went, with his *Winter*, from shop to shop, endeavouring to sell the manuscript, that he might purchase a pair of shoes? The booksellers were shy of a poem written on so novel a plan; and, though Mr. Millar, at last, concluded to risk a small sum for the copy, a tardy sale soon demonstrated, that the fears of his brethren and himself were by no means without foundation. Men hazard their reputation for judgment, when they praise a work written in a style, for which no canons of criticism have yet been established; and Thomson's *Winter*

reposed in quiet upon Mr. Millar's stalls, until a Mr. Whatley, who had some influence in the literary world, not only took pains to celebrate its excellence wherever he went,—but went every where for no other purpose. The author obtained the notice, also, of Aaron Hill; whom, as one of his patrons, at a time, when he stood most in need of patronage, he repaid with a profusion of flattery, for which doubtless he afterwards repented as heartily as Caliban, when he found, that Stephano was no god:

> —What a thrice-double ass
> Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
> And worship this dull fool.

Winter was dedicated to Sir Spencer Crompton; and the author, supposing, that recompense would follow, without further solicitation, kept himself at a distance from his patron; and, after a season of anxious expectation, was, at last, obliged to solace his disappointment with the common reflections upon the neglect of literary merit. Hill made an effort to arouse the attention of Sir Spencer, by printing in the newspapers a poetical address to Thomson, which inveighed against the rich and powerful for suffering the ingenious to live in poverty. But the hint was lost upon Sir Spencer; and, had not some friend made a personal application to him, Thomson would probably have missed his reward. When the subject was introduced, Sir Spencer said, that the poet 'had never come near him;' and, being asked, whether he desired a visit, he answered that 'he did.' The gentleman reported this conversation to Thomson; who took a letter of introduction, and summoned courage enough to usher himself into the presence of his awful patron. 'He received me,' says he, in a letter to Hill, 'in what they call a civil manner; asked me some commonplace questions; and *made me* a present of twenty

guineas.' Few persons would visit more than one a patron, who so plainly manifested his reluctan to part with twenty guineas; but Thomson was t needy to scrutinize manners, or stand upon nicetie and he generously tells Hill, that he had been tre ed better than he deserved.

Winter, when once known, found, in the publ at large, a much more willing patron than Sir Spe cer Crompton: edition followed edition; and, 1727, a year after its original appearance, the auth was encouraged to publish *Summer*. He had no been, for some time, an inmate in the house Lord Binning; and, to repay the kindness of h patron, he expressed his wish to give him t dedication of *Summer*. But Lord Binning seems have found recompense for one favour by confe ring another; and he directed Thomson to besto his poem upon Mr. Dodington, who, if he had n equal fortune, had much greater power, to mak him an adequate return.

In the same year, 1727, our author wrote, besid a poem on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, an *Britannia*, a satire upon the ministers for their slu gishness in repelling the aggressions of Spain, tragedy called *Sophanisba*, which is now only r membered from a waggish parody of one of i lame verses. The play had raised high expect tions; and was not unfavourably received: b when the actor came to repeat,

O Sophanisba, Sophanisba O!

a voice from the audience followed,

O Jemmie Thomson, Jemmie Thomson O!

which, for a time, was in the mouth of every perso through the city.

In the following year, he produced *Spring*, wit a dedication to the Countess of Hertford; who w herself a writer of verses, and who, to establish he m as a woman of letters, used to invite autho

to her residence in the country. Thomson was summoned, for this season; and as the education of a poet is ill-fitted to make him gallant, he demonstrated most unequivocally, that he preferred Lord Hertford's wine to Lady Hertford's verses, and never received a second invitation. *Autumn* yet remained to complete the year; and it was added to his collected works in 1730.

A year or two previous to the latter event, Thomson travelled as tutor or companion to Mr. Charles Talbot, son of the chancellor; and, having leisure to undertake a work of greater magnitude than any which had hitherto employed his time, he began an elaborate poem upon *Liberty*. Mr. Talbot died, before he had finished the first book; but, having been already appointed secretary of the briefs, as a recompense for his services, he was enabled to proceed with the work; and, in two years, from the time of its commencement, he gave it to the world in five parts.

There is a great deal of querulous illiberality in Dr. Johnson's account of this poem. His notions of liberty are either very different from such as are entertained in this age and in this country; or he had persuaded himself, that there is, in the very structure of English government, an eternal corrective to ambition and encroachment. Not only do his writings afford no instance of a concern for the security of his fellow-subjects; but it seems to have been his delight to strengthen the hands of authority; and he uniformly derides all solicitude for the fate of liberty, as the idle alarms of women and weak men. Thomson's poem, for example, is thus introduced: 'At this time a long course of opposition to Sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamours for liberty, of which no man felt the want; and with care for liberty, which was not in danger.' Now, it would be difficult to persuade any man in the 19th century, that liberty is not in danger, *when government* has both the power and

the will to suppress such a play as *Gustavus Vasa;* and it is only a few paragraphs farther on, that Dr. Johnson, is obliged to mention this performance as the first victim of the act passed about that time, for licensing dramas. Thomson's *Edward and Eleonora* was the second; and, in spite of our reverence for the penetration of Johnson, there does appear to us something like simplicity in the remark, which he subjoins,—'that it is hard to discover why either play should have been obstructed.' We venture to say, that his friend Sir Robert Walpole would not have found it hard; and it is only in cases, where bigotry precludes examination, that Dr. Johnson himself ever fails to discover the reason of things.

Having thus demonstrated, that there was no occasion for the poem, the next step was, to make it stupid, and prove it unsuccessful. 'Liberty,' says the biographer, 'called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises, and reward her encomiast: her praises were condemned to harbour spiders and to gather dust: none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded. The judgment of the public was not erroneous: the recurrence of the same images must tire in time; an enumeration of examples to prove a position, which nobody denied, as it was from the beginning superfluous, must quickly grow disgusting.' Then follow some complaints against Sir George Lyttleton for venturing to abridge this multiplicity of stupid examples; and the biographer finally 'wishes to see the poem exhibited as its author left it.'

To the hallucinations of a man, who never suffers the slips of others to go unpunished, we cannot be expected to show much mercy. In speaking of Addison's *Character* of the principal English poets Johnson observes, that, 'in this poem there is a confident and discriminate character of Spenser, whose work he had never read So little is criticism the effect of judgment.' It is by no means certain, that

Addison had never read the *Fairy Queen;* but Johnson, who here gives a much more 'confident and discriminate character' of Thomson's *Liberty*, has, in a subsequent page, made it a boast, that he never read the poem. 'When it first appeared,' says he, 'I tried to read it, and soon desisted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praise or censure.'

Thomson was now independent of his poetry; and probably cared little, whether it were dull or spirited: but the vacation of his place, by the death of Lord Talbot, and his neglect, from pride, timidity, or indolence, to solicit a re-appointment from the new chancellor, cast him again upon his intellectual resources, and soon reduced him to his former indigence. It happened, (if small things may be compared with great,) that the fortune of the Prince of Wales was then in a condition equally desperate; and, thinking, that the patronage of literature would be one means of acquiring popularity, he employed Mr. Lyttleton to enlist Thomson; who, when the prince, on his first introduction, familiarly asked him the state of his affairs, answered, that 'they were in a more poetical posture than formerly;' and was immediately presented with a yearly pension of a hundred pounds.

Having now pledged himself to write, he produced the tragedy of *Agamemnon;* which Pope favoured by his presence; and was received at the theatre by a general clap; yet, being founded upon tales and fables, in which few of the audience could take an interest, it excited little attention, and was endured but one night. The author had seated himself in the upper gallery; and is said to have accompanied the players in an audible tone, until silenced by the admonition of a friend. He had, also, appointed that evening to sup with some acquaintances; and, as he appeared late, they naturally demanded the reason. Thomson said, 'the

sweat of his distress had so disordered his wig, that he could not come till he had been refitted by the barber.'

He was not, discouraged, however, by this defeat; and he seems to have resolved upon writing plays, until he should convince both himself and the public, that he could write a good one. His next tragedy was *Edward and Eleonora*; which, as we have before stated, was suppressed by the licenser. Soon after this, he assisted Mallet in writing a mask, called *Alfred*, which was performed for the prince at Cliefden-house: and, in 1745, he produced the tragedy of *Tancred and Sigismunda*, which, being received with considerable applause, appears to have satisfied his dramatic ambition. Mr. Lyttleton, who was now in power, rewarded him with the office of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, which yielded him about three hundred pounds a year; and, being now completely at ease, he finished the *Castle of Indolence*, which had been for some time under his hand. But the season of fruition was short. He caught a cold, which terminated in a fever; and he died on the 27th of August, 1748. He was buried in the church of Richmond; where he remained without a monument of any kind, until Mr. Thomas Parke, in conjunction with Lord Buchan, caused a tablet to be placed in the wall, designating the place of his interment. He has, also, a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* was left behind him; and, by the influence of his patron, Sir George Lyttleton, was acted for the benefit of the family.

Thomson is said to have been above the middle stature; somewhat corpulent; of a stupid look, and repulsive appearance; taciturn in strange company, but proportionally sociable among his intimate friends; fixed in his attachments, and fervid in his benevolence. But he was too fat to be active; and often failed to bestow, as well as obtain a favour,

through mere indolence. We have already seen, that he wrote one poem upon this vice; and, reflecting upon its effects in his own affairs, he is said to have designed an Eastern Tale, 'Of the Man who loved to be in Distress.'

There are certain works, which, at this time of day, it appears awkward to praise. The *Seasons* almost removed the singular antipathy of Dr. Johnson to blank verse; and there are few poems, we suppose, which are read more frequently, or by greater numbers. There is a charm in the beauties of nature, which captivates every beholder, and which repetition can never dissolve. Thomson appears to have been peculiarly fitted to catch the scenes and appearances, upon which the fancy most delights to dwell; and he gives the impression to the reader, with all the freshness and fidelity of real existence. We scent the blossoms of Spring: we gaze upon the magnificence of Summer: placid Autumn tenders us her fruits; and boisterous Winter howls about our mansions. In a few hours we may revive the impressions of a year; and, whatever may be the number of perusals, we still find something to please or to instruct. We are delighted with what we find new; and are never weary of what may be old. The verse has none of the obscurity and inversion, which render *Paradise Lost* an enigma to a majority of readers; and so aptly, indeed, is Thomson's language fitted to his thoughts, that we find it difficult to persuade ourselves, that he could have written the *Seasons* in rhyme.

THE

SEASONS.

SPRING.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,

Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulft
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
  At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
  Forth fly the tepid airs: and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers [plough
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
  While through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
  Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
  Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough!
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the' exhaustless granary of a world!
  Nor only through the lenient air this change
Delicious breathes; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.
  From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And *swells, and deepens, to the* cherish'd eye.

The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.
If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft

The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when the' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.
Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with [rain,
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.
The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, the' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of Heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on the' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the *many-twinkling* leaves
Of aspin tall. The' uncurling floods, diffus'd

In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off:
And wait the' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,

Far smoking o'er the' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds the' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.

With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mold,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd [race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and [sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
That inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Not yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,

e glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
s meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.
music held the whole in perfect peace:
t sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
rbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
ply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
consonance. Such were those prime of days.
ut now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
fabling poets took their golden age,
found no more amid these iron times,
se dregs of life! now the distemper'd mind
lost that concord of harmonious powers,
ich forms the soul of happiness; and all
ff the poise within: the passions all
e burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,
impotent, or else approving sees
foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
vulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
l silent, settles into fell revenge.
e envy withers at another's joy,
l hates that excellence it cannot reach.
ponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
ak and unmanly, loosens every power.
n love itself is bitterness of soul,
ensive anguish pining at the heart;
sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
t noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
ich, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
bless the dearer object of its flame.
e sickens with extravagance; and grief,
ife impatient, into madness swells;
in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
se, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
m ever-changing views of good and ill,

Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At last, extinct, each social feeling fell,
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.
Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,

And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to naught,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? the beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the Winter's cold? and the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands

Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of the' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventrous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.
Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.
When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny-race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brook;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the

Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now

Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.
  Thus pass the temperate hours; but when th
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scatte
    clouds,
Even shooting listless languor through the dee
Then seek the bank where flowering elders cr
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips ha
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid w
The sounding culver shoots; or where the ha
High, in the beetling cliff, his eyry builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan sw
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swif
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.
  Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Mus
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can pair
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,

And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? Ah, where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?
Yet, though successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.
See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd [soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads

Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
The' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,

The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, the' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.
  Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of Heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-coloured scene of things.
  As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh, pour

The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame,—the Passion of the Groves.
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,

Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love,
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave,
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and *divided by a babbling* brook,

Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on the' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Ev'n so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,

And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
  Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
The' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.
  Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.

Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
The' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bougl
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bound
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through th
woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the bougl
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight.

Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
The acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads

* *The farthest of the* western islands of Scotland.

His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
  While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor the' inticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous mad'ning fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, the' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the reign, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the' aërial summit takes
The' exciting gale; then, steep-decending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Ev'n where the madness of the straiten'd stream

Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the floating deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden [heads;
And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!
What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
Instructs the fowls of Heaven; and through their [breast
These arts of love *diffuses*? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who boundless Spirit all,

And unremiting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works alone; and yet alone
Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
The' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The Smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty; which exalts
The brute-creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.
  Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing the' infusive force of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds

Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! in these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of Gods to see a happy world!
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large, [stray'st;
Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou
Thy British Tempé! there along the dale, [rocks,
With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;

Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw the' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness! which love,
Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
The Hospitable Genius lingers still,

To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not the' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Down-cast, and low, in meek submission dress't,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.
And let the' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours:
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints the' illusive form; the kindling grace
The' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heav'
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty and death:

And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
  Ev'n present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky-crest: a quick-returning pang [sti
Shoots through the conscious heart; where honor
And great design, against the' oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
  But, absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
The unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;

Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs: there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or, while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear:
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with the' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,

Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt: or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain; borne by the' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
  These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms

r which he melts in fondness, eat him up.
ith fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
eceitful pride, and resolution frail,
iving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
fresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds.
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.
But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul:
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing *virgin*, in eternal care.

Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while ye look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,

Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great-Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way:
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
  Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.
And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O Dodington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along.
The' illimitable void! thus to remain,
Amidst the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments, away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course.
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: such the' All-perfect Hand!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.
When now no more the' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek'd ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews.

At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd ste
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in space,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shin
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward: while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leav
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious! will not Man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dream
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk?
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day.
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,

The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train! [orbs
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from the' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.

Meantime the' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And softened into joy the surly Storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; and, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
  Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
  The' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys,
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM!
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, the' astonish'd sun,
And all the' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faultering tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise;

Thy Works themselves would raise a gene
Ev'n in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy powe
And to the quire celestial THEE resound,
The' eternal cause, support, and end of al
To me be Nature's volume broad-displa
And to peruse its all instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling gl
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the poten
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd cloud
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where ear
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retir
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery be
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, dispreading through t
With rapid sway, his burning influence d
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid st

Who can unpitying see the flowery rac
Shed by the morn, their new flush'd bloor
Before the parching beam? so fade the fa
When fevers revel through their azure ve
But one the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow les
Drooping all night; and, when he warm
Points her enamoured bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain
His flock before him stepping to the fold

While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! the daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
Not mean though simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel: or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting almon. Through the green-wood glade
Some *love to stray*; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make

The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhor'd! amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs, [wing,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd; the fluttering
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds de-
Evading ev'n the microscopic eye? [scend,
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital breath, when parent Heaven

Shall bid his spirit blow. The heavy fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterraneau cells,
Where scarching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its early inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the finest boughs,
That dense unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
  Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling *columns* heav'd, the pride of art!

A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the Man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once the' unbounded scheme of things
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That this availeth naught? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeded, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Ev'n stooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load

charg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
le flies the tedded grain; all in a row
rancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
ey spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
at throws refreshful round a rural smell:
, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
id drive the dusky wave along the mead,
he russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
1 order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Vaking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain.
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks

Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head: and rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp the master's cipher ready stand;
Others the' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the' indignant ram
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
The' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, ev'n now,

Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humble coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
'Tis raging noon: and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the' unshelter'd gladè, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; *while* all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
  Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort
        glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.
  Around the' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various group the herbs and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight

Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down the opposing stream: quenchless his [thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His *muse to better themes*; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast

(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methink
A voice, than human more, the' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes:—"Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost silvan glade:
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, Stanley,* of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight

* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the ye 1738, upon whom Thomson wrote an Epitaph.

Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision wrapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense [back,
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now

Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
  Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
  Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air:
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
  Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
  See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky

ne short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
ooks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
le mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
suing from out the portals of the morn,
The general breeze,* to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons† pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the gree

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by pressure of the rarified air on that before it, according to the nal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passe repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, whic *duces this effect.*

Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas:
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth* rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive! here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,

* *The Hippopotamus*, or river-horse.

Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours*. But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
  But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more *beautiful* in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than *ours.*

That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny toys;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul; there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowl'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! in blazing height of noon,
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage
Till, in the furious elemental war

Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
The treasures these, hid from the bounded sear
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pom
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maz
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous In
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
From Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

* The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast mu titude of those insects, called Fire-Flies, make a beautiful appea ance in the night.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana.* Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,

* The river of the Amazons.

Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
The' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannise;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, the' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,

'e lost. The very brute-creation there
rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
ch even Imagination fears to tread,
oon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
'bs immense, then, darting out anew,
:s the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
hrows his folds: and while, with threat'ning
deathful jaws erect, the monster curls [tongue
laming crest, all other thirst, appall'd,
hivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
dares approach. But still more direful he,
small close-lurking minister of fate,
se high-concocted venom through the veins
pid lightning darts, arresting swift
vital current. Form'd to humble man,
child of vengeful Nature! there, sublim'd
earless lust of blood, the savage race
n, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
acred eye. The tiger darting fierce
:tuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
ı many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
, scorning all the taming arts of man,
keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
se, rushing from the' inhospitable woods
Iauritania, or the tufted isles,
: verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
merous glare around their shaggy king,
:stic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
, with imperious and repeated roars,
ıand their fated food. The fearful flocks
vd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,

Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. The' awakened village starts
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
  Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, ev'n here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
  Nor stop the terrors of these regions here,
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,

:ating wind the pilgrim smites
stant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
the desert! even the camel feels,
rough his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
the black-red ether, bursting broad,
he sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
v'd around, in gathering eddies play;
and nearer still they darkening come;
h the general all-involving storm
ıp, the whole continuous wilds arise;
their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
at night in sad disastrous sleep,
descending hills, the caravan
d deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
patient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
:cca saddens at the long delay,
hief at sea, whose every flexile wave
he blast, the' aërial tumult swells.
:read ocean, undulating wide,
the radiant line that girts the globe,
cling Typhon,* whirl'd from point to point,
:ing all the rage of all the sky,
e Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
serene, deep in a cloudy speck†
:ss'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
:gard, save to the skilful eye,
ıd foul, the small prognostic hangs
r on the promontory's brow
its force. A faint deceitful calm,
:ring gale, the demon sends before,

on and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurri-
wn only between the tropies.
d by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no

To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama* fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of trade: the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian Prince;† who, Heav'n-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
  Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend: one death involves

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

† Don Henry, third son to John the First, King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

and slaves; when straight, their mangled
; at once, he dyes the purple seas [limbs
re, and riots in the vengeful meal.
o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
immense, looks out the joyless sun,
ns the copious steam; from swampy fens,
putrefaction into life ferments,
athes destructive myriads; or from woods,
rable shades, recesses foul,
rs rank and blue corruption wrapt,
gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
ne dire Power of pestilent disease.
nd hideous fiends her course attend,
ure blasting, and to heartless woe,
ole desolation, casting down
ering hopes and all the pride of Man.
of late, at Carthagena quench'd
ish fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
erable scene; you, pitying, saw
t-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
pale quivering, and the beamless eye
with ardour bright: you heard the groans
zing ships, from shore to shore;
ightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
quent corse; while on each other fix'd,
resage, the blank assistants seem'd,
ask, whom Fate would next demand.
need I mention those inclement skies,
frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
cest child of Nemesis divine,
s? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,

From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stair
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men: unless escap'd [re
From the doom'd house, where matchless hc
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to He
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing: while, to complete

The scene of desolation stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to ten-fold rage,
The' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
The' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return my vagrant Muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
Behold slow settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment: till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse, save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the' aërial tribes
Descend: the *tempest*-loving raven scarce

Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
  Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,

The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Caledon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They lov'd: but such the guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,
The' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,

The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Caledon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
The' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee, sure and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
(Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent and for ever sad.

As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the' interminable sky

Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble: while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and nature smiles reviv'd.
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be mar'd by thankless Man,
Most favour'd! who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world;
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
Gazing the' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through the' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy winding-path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.
This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;
Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,

Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
Close in the covert of a hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
Among the bending willows, falsely he [play'd
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,

lubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
re, ingenuous elegance of soul,
icate refinement, known to few,
ex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
ove forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
ye severest, what would you have done?
time, this fairer nymph than ever blest
lian stream, with timid eye around
banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
ste the lucid coolness of the flood.
ien! not Paris, on the piny top
la, panted stronger, when aside
rival-goddesses the veil divine
unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
slender foot, the' inverted silk she drew;
e soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone:
through the parting robe, the' alternate breast,
youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
ll luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;
om her naked limbs, of glowing white,
ionious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
lds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
n'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
vely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
every beauty softening, every grace
ing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
ines the lily through the crystal mild;
the rose amid the morning dew,
a from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.

While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such mad'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shac
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank [fa
With trembling hand he threw:—'Bathe on, I
Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye.' With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue* that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, the' alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she sa
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem,
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted: even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across

* The Venus of Medici.

Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
'Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
Discreet: the time may come you need not fly.'
The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of Heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad, enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk:

By that kind School where no proud master reig
The full, free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sir
Of love approving hears, and calls it good.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chu
All is the same, with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene?* Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the †Sister-Hills that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woo
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering wal
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames

* The old name of Richmond, signifying, in Saxon, Shining Splendor.

† *Highgate* and Hampstead.

/inding up to where the Muses haunt
it'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
.ealing God* ; to royal Hampton's pile,
ermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
e in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
: soft windings of the silent Mole,
courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
ıting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
f Achaia or Hesperia sung !
: of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills !
ıich the Power of Cultivation lies,
oys to see the wonders of his toil.
ıvens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
ls, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
;littering towns, and gilded streams, till all
tretching landscape into smoke decays !
y Britannia ! where the Queen of Arts,
ing vigour, Liberty abroad
ɜ, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
catters plenty with unsparing hand.
h is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;
treams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;
tch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float
golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
numberless ! while, roving round their sides,
w the blackening herds in lusty droves.
ıth, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
st the mower's scythe. On every hand
illas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
property assures it to the swain,
'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.
l are thy cities with the sons of Art ;

* In his last sickness.

And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: ev'n Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
Thy sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,

Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine,
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd,
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;

Aiming at lawless power, though meanly su
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius*, fearless ble
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy reno
In awful sages and in noble bards:
Soon as the light of dawning Science sprea
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muse's song.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course: him for the studious sh
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive,
Exact, and elegant: in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloo
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching sc
Let forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that slow-ascending st
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous Ashley† thine, the friend of n
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his s
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious se
Amid the dark recesses of his works,

* Algernon Sidney.
† Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

philosophy. For lofty sense,
ve fancy, and inspection keen
gh the deep windings of the human heart,
wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
each great, each amiable Muse
ssic ages in thy Milton met?
ius universal as his theme;
shing as chaos, as the bloom
wing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime!
all my verse that elder bard forget,
entle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;
ike a copious river, pour'd his song
l the mazes of enchanted ground:
ee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
r, whose native manners-painting verse,
oraliz'd, shines through the gothic cloud
e and language o'er thy genius thrown.
my song soften, as thy daughters I,
ia, hail! for beauty is their own,
eling heart, simplicity of life,

The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
  Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
  O Thou! by whose Almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind:
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.
  Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers

Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down

Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village-stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from the' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
The' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene.

a if beheld. Sudden to Heaven
weary vision turns; where, leading soft
ıt hours of love, with purest ray
enus shines; and from her genial rise,
ıy-light sickens till it springs afresh,
l reigns, the fairest lamp of Night.
the' effulgence tremulous I drink,
erish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
he sky; or horizontal dart
rous shapes; by fearful murmuring crowds
ns deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
re than deck, that animate the sky,
infusing suns of other worlds;
n the dread immensity of space
g, with accelerated course;
ning comet to the sun descends;
ıe sinks below the shading earth,
ful train projected o'er the heavens,
ity nations tremble. But, above
ıperstitious horrors that enslave
l sequacious herd, to mystic faith
ıd amazement prone, the' enlighten'd few,
godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
rious stranger hail. They feel a joy
great; they in their powers exult, [spurns
ondrous force of thought, which mounting
ıky spot, and measures all the sky;
rom his far excursion through the wilds
en ether, faithful to his time,
e the blazing wonder rise anew,
ing terror clad, but kindly bent
t the will of all-sustaining Love:
s huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
g moisture on the numerous orbs,

Through which his long ellipsis winds; pe
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed the' eternal fi
With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my s
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er the' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as t
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted so
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enla
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature r
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
The First up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to HIM,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the Last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and ear
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sens
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!
Without thee what were unenlighten'd M
A savage roaming through the woods and v
In quest of prey; and with the' unfashion'd

Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the' inferior world along.
  Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracks on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the Word,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on the' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:

To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
(So wills Eternal Providence) sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of
eady for harvest. Reflections in praise of Industry
hat view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest
ooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous ac-
x-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard.
ion of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn:
digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and
irds of season considered, that now shift their habita-
e prodigious number of them that cover the northern
rn isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country.
t of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle
y, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to
eeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts
son. The harvest being gathered in, the country dis-
y. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philo-
untry life.

with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
TUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
rial on, the Doric reed once more,
s'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
repar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring
ite promise forth; and Summer-suns,
l strong, rush boundless now to view,
ect all, and swell my glorious theme.
! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
inspire, and dignify her song;

Would from the public voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue, she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent wil
Whene'er her Country rushes on her heart
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous da
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From Heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence sho
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clou
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds the' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-chequer'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;

Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in the' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Ev'n desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the *mineral from* the vaulted earth,

On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd bla
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew th
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fu
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment w
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, po
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wa
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grac
And, breathing high ambition through his
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.
Then gathering men their natural pow
And form'd a Public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian la
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining,
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their we
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,

And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
  Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd regular, to harmony; around
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil [oak,
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with
To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
  Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvass smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.
  All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
The' excluded tempest idly rave along:

His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to the' Autumnal months could thus trans
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering song
  Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheave
While through their cheerful band the rural t
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shock
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and the
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think
How good the God of Harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heave
And ask their humble dole. The various turn
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give
  The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,

Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest Virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,

The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compe
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she w
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted time:
When tyrant custom had not shackled ma
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye
Unconscious of her power, and turning q
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not hal
The charms her down-cast modesty conce
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread
Which scarce the firm philosopher can sc
Should his heart own a gleaner in the fiel
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:—
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sens
And more than vulgar goodness seem to c
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! she looks, meth
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its ri
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, l
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat

Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"[18]
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transports ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
The softened image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though Poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
O let me now, into a richer soil, [showers,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my *garden be the* pride and joy!

Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hat
But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking e
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought she pin'd aw
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gles
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and still a murmur runs
Along the soft inclining fields of corn.

But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous, rushes o'er the sounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter *unprovided*, and a train

Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, th
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad
Whose toil to yours is warmth and gracefu
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have swept away.
Here the rude clamour of the sportsman
The gun fast thundering, and the winded l
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural g
How in his mid-career the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible draws ful
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every v
Through the rough stubble turn the secret
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they b
Their idle wings, entangled more and mor
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; t
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler'
O'ertakes their sounding pinions: and agai
Immediate, brings them from the towering
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide d
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the
These are not subjects for the peaceful M
Nor will she stain with such her spotless s
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,

ly-cheer..l barbarous game of death,
of pleasure, which the restless youth
impatient, with the gleaming morn;
ats of prey retire, that all night long,
necessity, had rang'd the dark,
r conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Not so the steady tyrant Man,
the thoughtless insolence of power
beyond the most infuriate wrath
orst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
alone pursues the cruel chase,
beamings of the gentle days.
ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
er kindles you, and lawless want;
fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
anguish, and delight in blood,
our horrid bosoms never knew.
the triumph o'er the timid hare!
m the corn, and now to some lone seat
the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
ly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
me friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
w ground laid open to the sun,
e; and the nodding sandy bank,
r the mazes of the mountain brook.
er best precaution; though she sits
l, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
e rais'd to take the' horizon in;
l couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
spring away. The scented dew
er early labyrinth; and deep,
'd sullen openings, far behind,
ry breeze she hears the coming storm:

But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once;
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill ho
Resounded from the hills; the neighing stee
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's sh
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, wher
He rang'd the branching monarch of the sha
Before the tempest drives. At first, in spee
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the mo
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind
Deception short! though fleeter than the wi
Blown o'er the keen-air mountain by the nor
He bursts the thickets, glances through the g
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
The' inhuman rout, and from the shady deptl
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting frien
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toi

Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish: while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checquer'd sides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,

Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.
  But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious, as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
He panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,

Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.
At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
The' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep,
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,

Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.
  But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,

gh love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
se ambiguous. May their tender limbs
n the loose simplicity of dress!
ashion'd all to harmony, alone
they to seize the captivated soul,
ure warbled from love-breathing lips;
ch the lute to languish; with smooth step,
ing motion in its every charm,
m along, and swell the mazy dance;
n the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
de the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
d new flavour to the fruitful year,
eighten Nature's dainties: in their race
r their graces into second life;
e society its highest taste;
rder'd home man's best delight to make;
' submissive wisdom, modest skill,
very gentle care-eluding art,
e the virtues, animate the bliss,
'eeten all the toils of human life:
: the female dignity, and praise.
vains now hasten to the hazel-bank;
, down yon dale, the wildy-winding brook
parse from steep to steep. In close array,
the thickets and the tangling shrub,
ins come. For you their latest song
odlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
'er finds amid the secret shade;
here they burnish on the topmost bough,
tive vigour crushes down the tree;
es them ripe from the resigning husk,
sy shower, and of an ardent brown,
the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
a! form'd with every grace complete.

Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
  Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit,
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mix'd.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue:
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Philips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song:
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to chee
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.
  In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,

v columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
v plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
l of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:
ere in the secret bower, and winding walk,
virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
e wandring oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
hy applause, I solitary court
' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book
Nature ever open; aiming thence,
m from the heart, to learn the moral song.
e, as I steal along the sunny wall,
ere Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
ents the downy peach; the shining plum:
ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
eath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
gs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
l scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
urn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight

White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the' autumnal prin
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country l
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.
  Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rear
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding f
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the pla
Vanish the woods: the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Ev'n in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd o
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last

th'd dun around, in deeper circles still
ssive closing, sits the general fog
unded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
nless grey confusion covers all.
ien of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard)
, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
ant way; nor Order yet had drawn
vely train from out the dubious gloom.
roving mists, that constant now begin
ioke along the hilly country, these,
weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
nountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
ter, scoop'd among the hollow rocks; [play,
ce gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains
heir unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
sages say, that, where the numerous wave
ver lashes the resounding shore,
through the sandy stratum, every way,
'aters with the sandy stratum rise;
whose angles infinitely strain'd,
joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
lear and sweeten as they soak along.
ops the restless fluid, mounting still,
h oft amidst the' irriguous vale it springs;
the mountain courted by the sand,
eads it darkling on in faithful maze,
m the parent-main, it boils again
into day; and all the glittering hill
ht with spouting rills. But hence this vain
ve dream! why should the waters love
e so far a journey to the hills,
the sweet valleys offer to their toil
g quiet, and a nearer bed?
y blind ambition led astray,
nust aspire: why should they sudden stop

Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
The' attractive sand that charm'd their course :
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts, [long
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.
  Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes!
O thou pervading Genius, given to man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to the' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imans stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the stony girdle* of the world :
And all the dreadful mountains, wrap'd in storm.

* The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki Camen pays*, that is, *the great stony* Girdle: because they suppose them *encompass* the whole earth.

ice wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
ep the' eternal snows! hung o'er the deep,
ever works beneath his sounding base,
tlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
ubterranean wonders spread! unveil
niny caverns, blazing on the day,
yssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
f the bending Mountains* of the Moon!
opping all these giant-sons of earth,
e dire Andes, from the radiant line
h'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
outhern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
ing scene! behold! the glooms disclose,
the rivers in their infant beds!
, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!
the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
aping fissures to receive the rains,
melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs,
'd bibulous above I see the sands,
ebbly gravel next, the layers then
ngled moulds, of more retentive earths
utter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;
while the stealing moisture they transmit,
d its motion, and forbid its waste.
th the' incessant weeping of these drains,
the rocky siphous stretch'd immense,
nighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
ff compacted clay, capacious form'd:
owing thence, the congregated stores,
rystal treasures of the liquid world,
igh the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst
velling out, around the middle steep,

nge of mountains in Africa, that surround all Monomotapa.

Or from the bottoms of the' bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
The' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern swea
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky:
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chos
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous win
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends; and riding high
The' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

here the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
round the naked melancholy isles
rthest Thule, and the' Atlantic surge
s in among the stormy Hebrides;
can recount what transmigrations there
nnual made? what nations come and go?
how the living clouds on clouds arise?
ite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
rude resounding shore are one wild cry.
re the plain harmless native his small flock,
herd diminutive of many hues,
s on the little island's verdant swell,
shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
eeps the fishy shore! or treasures up
plumage, rising full, to form the bed
nary. And here a while the Muse,
hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Caledonia, in romantic view:
airy mountains, from the waving main,
sted with a keen diffusive sky,
thing the soul acute; her forests huge,
lt, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
ted of old; her azure lakes between,
'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
many a cool translucent brimming flood
h'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
se pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
h, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
where the north-inflated tempest foams
Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
se of a people, in Misfortune's school
n'd *up to hardy* deeds; soon visited

By Learning, when before the gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius planr'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.

Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,

ope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
nd imploring country turns her eye;
: with all a mother's triumph, sees
ery virtue, every grace combin'd,
enius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
ide of honour, and her courage tried,
and intrepid, in the very throat
bhurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
ss the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
owerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
sion flows, and wins the high debate;
mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
rce of manhood, and the depth of age.
Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
th sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
truly generous, and in silence great,
ountry feels through her reviving arts,
d by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
ldom has she known a friend like thee.
see the fading many-colour'd woods,
deepening over shade, the country round
vn; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
ry hue, from wan declining green
ty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
hispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
ve the Season in its latest view.
ntime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
s unbounded ether: whose least wave
tremulous, uncertain where to turn
entle current: while illumin'd wide,
ewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
rough their lucid veil his soften'd force
'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,

For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace:
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
  Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse:
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy: and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
  The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower.
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,

vide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
s the blasted verdure of the fields;
shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
onger fruits falls from the naked tree;
woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
esolated prospect thrills the soul.
comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
ilosophic Melancholy comes!
ar approach the sudden-starting tear,
lowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
often'd feature, and the beating heart,
d deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
ll the soul his sacred influence breathes!
es imagination; through the breast
s every tenderness; and far
d dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
housand thousand fleet ideas, such
ver mingled with the vulgar dream,
l fast into the mind's creative eye.
t the correspondent passions rise,
ied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
ture, and divine astonishment;
ve of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
man race; the large ambitious wish,
ke them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
n obscurity: the noble scorn
ant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
onder which the dying patriot draws,
ng glory through remotest time;
awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
ympathies of love, and friendship dear;
all the social offspring of the heart.
bear me then to vast embowering shades,

To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-sounding, seize the' enthusiastic ear?
Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powe
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining through the cheerful han
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe!*
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that Temple† where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smil
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee the' enchanted round I wa
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of attic land;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her, thou,

* The seat of Lord Cobham.
† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O through her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
The' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest Zeal the' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,

Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
  But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the cro wn of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.
  From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
The' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commix't, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck

alterable hour: ev'n Nature's self
'd to totter on the brink of time.
he man of philosophic eye,
ect sage; the waving brightness he
surveys, inquisitive to know
ses, and materials, yet unfix'd,
ppearance beautiful and new.
black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
ent and vast, are heaven and earth.
nfounded lies; all beauty void;
on lost; and gay variety
versal blot: such the fair power
to kindle and create the whole.
the state of the benighted wretch,
n, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
ale fancies, and chimeras huge;
ed by one directive ray,
ttage streaming, or from airy hall.
impatient as he stumbles on,
rom the root of slimy rushes, blue,
l-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
t and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,
d horse, amid the miry gulf:
ill, from day to day, his pining wife
ntive children his return await,
conjecture lost. At other times,
the better Genius of the night,
s, gleaming on the horse's mane,
teor sits; and shows the narrow path,
ding leads through pits of death, or else
him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the Morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah, see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honied domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
Must you destroy? of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there

A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.
Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and [high,
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky? how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think

That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.
  Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! what though the glittering robe
Of every hue, reflcted light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough,
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and attens with the richest sap:

These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Innocence;
Unsullied Beauty: sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd:
Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil;
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.

While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Ev'n Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on the' exalted eye.

a friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to Heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And whose the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!

But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition: under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

ject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First
nsh of Winter According to the natural course of the
n, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The
g of the snow: a man perishing among them; whence
tions on the wants and miseries of human life. The
s descending from the Alps and Appennines. A winter-
ng described; as spent by philosophers; by the country-
e; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar
. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections
future state.

WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
n and sad, with all his rising train; [theme,
ors, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my
e! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms,
enial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
d have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
ung of Nature with unceasing joy,
d have I wander'd through your rough domain;
the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
l the *winds roar*, and the big torrent burst;

Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit, regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Contaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius, stains the' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of Heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot

uggling rays, in horizonal lines,
gh the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
oon-descending, to the long dark night,
shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
me, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
ing'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
l the vapoury turbulence of Heaven,
e the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
y gloom oppressive o'er the world,
gh Nature shedding influence malign,
uses up the seeds of dark disease,
ul of man dies in him, loathing life,
lack with more than melancholy views.
ttle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
led spreading, crop the wholesome root.
the woods, along the moorish fens,
he sad Genius of the coming storm;
p among the loose disjointed cliffs,
actur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
ave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
ding long in listening Fancy's ear.
n comes the father of the tempest forth,
in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
through the mingling skies with vapour foul;
n the mountain's brow, and shake the woods
rumbling wave below. The' unsightly plain
brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
lood on flood, yet unexhausted still
ne, and deepening into night, shut up
ay's fair face. The wanderers of Heaven,

Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er the' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,

To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far-distant-region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd, red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretel the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide

And blind commotion heaves; while from the shor
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gu
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black nignt that sits immense aroun
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters: now the' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emergin g thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
  Nor less at hand the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the botttom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;

l down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
ous fury, its gigantic limbs.
truggling through the dissipated grove,
hirling tempest raves along the plain;
n the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
astening, shakes them to the solid base.
frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
trance eager, howls the savage blast.
too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
roans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
atter'd by the Demon of the night,
he devoted wretch of woe and death.
e up roar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
tars swift gliding sweep along the sky.
ure reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
empestuous darkness dwells alone,
n the wings of the careering wind
dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
traight, air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.
et 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
eeting, mingle into solid gloom.
'hile the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
associate with the serious Night,
ontemplation her sedate compeer:
shake off the' intrusive cares of day,
the meddling senses all aside.
re now, ye lying vanities of life!
r-tempting ever-cheating train!
are you now? and what is your amount?
on, disappointment, and remorse:
kening thought! and yet deluded man,
of crude disjointed visions past,
oken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
ew flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower de-
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes[scends,
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that burns wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first

Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd;
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.
  Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.
  As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;

Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and bless'd abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve

'he deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
nd, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
ays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
tretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Vhom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
'hey who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
nd wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
h! little think they, while they dance along,
ow many feel, this very moment, death
nd all the sad variety of pain.
ow many sink in the devouring flood,
r more devouring flame. How many bleed,
y shameful variance betwixt man and man.
ow many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
hut from the common air, and common use
f their own limbs. How many drink the cup
f baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
f misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
ow many shrink into the sordid hut
f cheerless poverty. How many shake
Vith all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
nbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Vhence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
hey furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
v'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
Vith friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
ow many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
deep retir'd distress. How many stand
round the death-bed of their dearest friends,
nd point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
f these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
hat one incessant struggle render life,
ne *scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,*

Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
And here can I forget the generous band*,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of Liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of Mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right.
By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Ev'n beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they
Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd [howl.
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell;
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood; [move,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
All human passions. Following him, I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm-devoted Chief*, who prov'd by deeds
The hardest lesson which the other taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom the' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
A pure majestic poverty rever'd;
Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty rival's† fame.
Near'd by his care, of softer ray appears
Cimon sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory in unequal times,
Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled,
And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair,‡
Whose virtues, in heroic concord join,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good; in public life severe,

* Leonidas. † Themistocles.
‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd
Not friendship softer was, nor love more k
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
Ev'n Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk,
The two Achaian heroes close the train:
Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece;
And he her darling as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not c
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the fiel
Of rougher front, a mighty people come
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with parti
Their dearest country they too fondly lov'
Her better Founder first, the light of Rom
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
Servius the king, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast republic spre
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The public Father* who the private quell'
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom his thankless country could not
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

ling victim,* Carthage, bursting loose
l that pleading Nature could oppose,
whole city's tears, by rigid faith
us call'd, and honour's dire command.
he gentle chief, humanely brave,
on the race of spotless glory ran,
rm in youth, to the poetic shade
iendship and Philosophy retir'd.
hose powerful eloquence a while
'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
ier'd Cato, virtuous in extreme:
u, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
teady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
ie Roman steel against thy friend.
ds besides the tribute of a verse
; but who can count the stars of Heaven?
g their influence on this lower world?
l, who yonder comes! in sober state,
d, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
bus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
mer too appears, of daring wing,
f song! and equal by his side,
ish Muse: join'd hand in hand they walk,
, full up the middle steep to fame,
nt are those shades, whose skilful touch,
drew the' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
ted Athens with the moral scene;
e, who, tuneful, wak'd the' enchanting lyre.
f your kind! society divine!
thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
nt my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
hou lonely power! the door be thine;

* Regulus.

See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes d
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart?
For though not sweeter his own Homer sing
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond? thou, the
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming pri
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so sc
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name;
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of jo
Which bade with softest light thy virtues sn
Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuit
And teach our humbled hopes that life is va

Thus in some deep retirement would I pa
The winter glooms, with friends of pliant sc
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if Nature's bo
Was call'd, late rising from the void of nigh
Or sprung eternal from th' Eternal Mind;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.

Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection, to the' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted and impell'd
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:
Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest Heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest [stream
Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid *pictures*, that assembled train

Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
  Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
  The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
  Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;

Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil* show'd.
O Thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill,
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life; permit the rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
Rejects the' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Ev'n in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which with Attic point
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects,
Or rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,

* A character *in the Conscious Lovers*, by Sir R. Steele.

When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
The' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And ev'n reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power: as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
  To thy lov'd haunt return my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous winter days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, the' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year;
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost and [illegible] e are thy keen
riv'd, thou secret all [illegible] power, [illegible] stone
hom even the' illusive [illegible] t fly?
not thy potent energy, [illegible]
riads of little salts, or how [illegible]
ie double wedges at [illegible]
rough water, earth, and [illegible] hence at eve,
am'd eager from the red horizon round,
th the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
athes a blue film, and in its mid career
ests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
tles no more; but to the sedgy bank
t grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
rystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
nented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
whole imprison'd river growls below.
id rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
ouble noise; while, at his evening watch,
village dog deters the nightly thief;
heifer lows; the distant water-fall
lls in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
raveller, the hollow-sounding plain
kes from afar. The full ethereal round,
ite worlds disclosing to the view,
es out intensely keen; and, all one cope
tarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
m pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
ough the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
various labour of the silent night:

Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb casc
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues, and fancied figures ris
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descei
On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swai
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhi
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different way
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the sr
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigourous youth in bold contention wh
The long-resounding course. Meantime to ri
The manly strife, with highly blooming charn
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost no

neffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
ure gloss the mountain still maintains,
els the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
ts a while to the reflected ray:
m the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
ls of gems, that in the waving gleam
vinkle as they scatter. Thick around
lers the sport of those, who with the gun,
og impatient bounding at the shot,
than the Season, desolate the fields;
dding to the ruins of the year,
ss the footed or the feather'd game.
what is this? our infant Winter sinks,
ed of his grandeur, should our eye
sh'd shoot into the frigid zone;
, for relentless months, continual Night
o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
re, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
by the hand of Nature from escape,
roams the Russian exile. Nought around
s his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
eavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
tretch, athwart the solitary vast,
icy horrors to the frozen main;
heerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
vhen its annual course the caravan
to the golden coast of rich Cathay*,
news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
erish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
irry nations harbour: tip'd with jet,
rmines, spotless as the snows they press;
, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
uteous freak'd with many a mingled hue.

* *The old name for China.*

Thousanda besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race: with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the' ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest half-absorb'd,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath the' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see Bootes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus* pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde†, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er the' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise the' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,

* North-west wind. † The wandering Scythian clans.

he peaceful current of their time;
ugh the restless ever-tortur'd mase
ire, or ambition, bid it rage. [tents,
indoor form their riches. These their
es, their beds, and all their homely wealth
heir wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
us at their call, the docile tribe
he sled their necks, and whirl them swift
and dale, heap'd into one expanse,
ed snow, as far as eye can sweep
ne crust of ice unbounded glas'd.
g meteors then, that ceaseless shake
blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
l moons, and stars that keener play
bled lustre from the glossy waste,
e depth of polar night, they find
us day: enough to light the chase,
their daring steps to Finland fairs.
pring returns; and from the hazy south,
n Aurora slowly moves before,
ome sun, just verging up at first,
degrees extends the swelling curve!
at last for gay rejoicing months,
d and round, his spiral course he winds,
nearly dips his flaming orb,
p again, and reascends the sky.
ad season, from the lakes and floods,
ire Niemi's* fairy mountains rise,

aupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, ays, "From this height we had opportunity several hose vapours rise from the lake which the people of call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian- *mountains.* We had been frighted with stories of

And fring'd with roses Tenglio* rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.
Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight:
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath another sky.†
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,

bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii, than bears."

* The same author observes, "I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

† The other hemisphere.

reeps the howling margin of the main;
: undissolving, from the first of time,
swell on snows amazing to the sky;
y mountains high on mountains pil'd,
o the shivering sailor from afar,
ess and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
ted huge, and horrid o'er the surge,
own on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
ld Chaos was again return'd,
end the deep, and shake the solid pole.
itself no longer can resist
nding fury: but, in all its rage
pest taken by the boundless frost,
r a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
d to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
d o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
ry life, that from the dreary months
onscious southward. Miserable they!
ere entangled in the gathering ice,
heir last look of the descending sun;
full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
ng long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
orrible. Such was the Briton's* fate,
a first prow, (what have not Briton's dar'd!)
the passage sought, attempted since
h in vain, and seeming to be shut
ous Nature with eternal bars.
e fell regions, in Arzina caught,
the stony deep his idle ship
ate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
ll exerted at his several task,

ugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the
t passage.

Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. [stream
Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
And half enliven'd by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.
What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these
A people savage from remotest time, [shores,
A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
By Heaven inspir'd, from gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! he
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;

aming every land, in every port
ptre laid aside, with glorious hand
ried plying the mechanic tool,
d the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
l wisdom, and of martial skill.
d with the stores of Europe home he goes!
ities rise amid the' illumin'd waste:
yless deserts smiles the rural reign;
ant flood to flood is social join'd;
tonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
navies ride on seas that never foam'd
aring keel before; and armies stretch
ay their dazzling files, repressing here
ntic Alexander of the north,
ing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
ies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
dishonour proud: it glows around,
by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
ene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
at his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
otent still, his great example shew'd.
ering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
ollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
st resolves into a trickling thaw.
d the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
ods the country round. The rivers swell,
ds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
cks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
sand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
here they rush, the wide-resounding plain
one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
ash'd the' ungenial pole, will rest no more
h the shackles of the mighty north;

But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,

uts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
lreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
piness? those longings after fame?
restless cares? those busy bustling days?
gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
thoughts,
tween good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
' are vanish'd! Virtue sole-survives,
al, never-failing friend of Man,
de to happiness on high. And see!
ne, the glorious morn! the second birth
ven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
w-creating word, and starts to life,
y heighten'd form, from pain and death
r free. The great eternal scheme,
ıg all, and in a perfect whole
', as the prospect wider spreads,
on's eye refin'd clears up apace.
ly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
nded in the dust, adore that Power
isdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
nassuming worth in secret liv'd,
ed, neglected: why the good man's share
was gall and bitterness of soul:
ıe lone widow and her orphans pin'd
ing solitude; while luxury,
ces, lay straining her low thought,
n unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
oderation fair, wore the red marks
erstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
uel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
er'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
le few! who here unbending stand

Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

HYMN.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;

That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
  Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join'd; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
HIS praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound HIS stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

he goes beneath the joyous moon.
eep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
ous lies, effuse your mildest beams,
llations, while your angels strike,
spangled sky, the silver lyre.
rce of day! best image here below
REATOR, ever pouring wide,
rld to world, the vital ocean round,
e write with every beam HIS praise.
der rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world:
oud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
e sound: the broad responsive lowe,
s, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
insuffering kingdom yet will come.
ands all, awake: a boundless song
n the groves! and when the restless day,
lays the warbling world asleep,
of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
ing shades, and teach the night HIS praise.
for whom the whole creation smiles,
he head, the heart, and tongue of all,
e great hymn; in swarming cities vast,
d men, to the deep organ join
resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
pauses, through the swelling base;
ach mingling flame increases each,
ited ardour rise to heaven.
rather choose the rural shade,
fane in every sacred grove;
the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
pting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll!—
hen I forget the darling theme,

Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming Evil still educing Good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his prais

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

This poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the ob
words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines,
borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imi
more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as v
the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriat
custom to all allegorical Poems writ in our language; j
in French, the style of Marot, who lived under Francis the
has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the p
writers of the age of Louis the Fourteenth.

Muchel *or* **Mochel**—*much, great.*
Nathless—*nevertheless.*
Ne—*nor.*
Needments—*necessaries.*
Noursling—*a child that is nursed.*
Noyance—*harm.*
Prankt—*coloured, adorned, gayly.*
Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*) *an old oath.*
Prick'd through the forest—*rode through the forest.*
Sear—*dry, burnt up.*
Sheen—*bright, shining.*
Sicker—*surely.*
Soot—*sweet, or sweetly.*
Sooth—*true, or truth.*
Stound—*misfortune, pang*
Sweltry—*sultry, consuming with heat.*
Swink—*to labour.*
Smackt—*savoured.*
Thrall—*slave.*
Transmew'd—*transformed.*
Vild—*vile.*
Unkempt—(Lat. *incomptus*) *unadorned.*

Ween—*to think, b opinion.*
Weet—*to know; to to wit.*
Whilom—*ere-while, merly.*
Wight—*man.*
Wis, *for* **Wist**—*to l think, understand*
Wonne—(a noun) *l ling.*
Wroke—*wreakt.*

N. B. The letter Y quently placed in the ning of a word, by Spen leagthen it a syllable, an the end of a word, f same reason, as *withoute en*, &c.

Yborn—*born.*
Yblent, *or* **blent**—*ed, mingled.*
Yclad—*clad.*
Ycleped—*called, n*
Yfere—*together.*
Ymolten—*melted.*
Yode, (*preter ten* **yede**) *went.*

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great; [wail,
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

IX.

'Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all, but man, with unearn'd pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

'Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that, from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plough, nor sow: ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

XI.

'Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted interest first began;
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

"Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain: come, and withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII.

"With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear;
To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith sear,
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

XV.

'Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent eas
Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and dow
They who are pleas'd themselves must alwa
please;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are banish'
hence.

XVI.

'What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud, malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across the' enliven'd skies, and make them still mo
gay.

XVII.

'The best of men have ever lov'd repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grow
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
Ev'n those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stol'n away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

'But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here:
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or softly stealing, with your watry gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

'O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind, unrelenting fate,
And gives the' untasted portion you have won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you, gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

XX.

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease; as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream:

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began:
Though some there were who would not furthe
pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can:
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight
And, soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate;
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant-crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep:
Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call:
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit;
So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Meantime, the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those who enter'd in, array'd
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns:
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew; [drew
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirste
It was a fountain of nepenthe rare; [grev
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasanc
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous drean
more fair.

XXVIII.

This right perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made:
'Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
And wander where you list, through hall or glad
Be no man's pleasure for another's staid;
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trad
Here dwells kind ease and unreproving joy:
He little merits bliss who others can annoy.'

XXIX.

Straight of these endless numbers, swarmin
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray, [roun
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude, and perfect silence reign'd;
So that to think you dreamt you almost was con
strain'd.

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,*
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string?
I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering:
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless [age.

* Those isles *on the W. coast of* Scotland, called the Hebrides.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand;
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed;

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd:
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old Ocean 'genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

XX[illegible]

[illegible]he scenes with coth[illegible]
[illegible]Where was inwoven [illegible]
[illegible]uch as of old the ru[illegible]
[illegible]r of Arcadian or Sic[illegible]
[illegible]eclining lovers in th[illegible]
[illegible]ear'd forth at large [illegible]
[illegible]s, sighing tender pa[illegible]
[illegible]nd taught charm'd echo to resoun[illegible]
[illegible]lis flocks, woods, a[illegible]
peace impart.

XXXVII.

[illegible]hose pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
[illegible]epainted was the patriarchal age:
[illegible]hat time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
[illegible]nd pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
[illegible]here fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
[illegible]oil was not then; of nothing took they heed,
[illegible]ut with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,
[illegible]nd o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
[illegible]s'd sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII.

[illegible]ometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
[illegible]ade the gay bloom of vernal landskips rise,
[illegible]r autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
[illegible]ow the black tempest strikes the' astonish'd eyes;
[illegible]ow down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
[illegible]he trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
[illegible]nd now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
[illegible]hate'er Lorraine light touch'd with softening hue,
[illegible]avage Rosa dash'd, or learn'd Poussin drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease:
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.*

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapasan roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul:
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

* The Æolian harp, here designated, has been greatly improved in its structure by a kindred poet, the author of the 'Farmer's Boy.'

XLII.

h the gay splendour the luxurious state,
Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
nighty Bagdad, populous and great,
d their bright court, where was of ladies store;
l verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
en sleep was coy, the bard,† in waiting there,
er'd the lone midnight with the muse's lore;
nposing music bade his dreams be fair,
music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

r the pavilions where we slept, still ran
tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
l sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
heaven and earth they would together mell:
doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call
demons of the tempest, growling fell,
the least entrance found they none at all;
ce sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV.

l hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
ing a world of gayer tinct and grace;
r which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
t play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
l shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
could it e'er such melting forms display,
se on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

† Arabian Caliphs had poets among the officers of their
whose office it was to do what is here described.

XLV.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night,
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

re you sportive——Bid the morn of youth
to new light, and beam afresh the days
nnocence, simplicity, and truth;
:ares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
ıt transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;
woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
he wild brooks!—but, fondly wandering wide,
ıse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

great amusement of our household was,
huge crystal magic globe to spy,
as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
n this ant-hill earth; where constantly
lly-busy men the restless fry
bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
arch of pleasures vain that from them fly,
hich, obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste:—
ıothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

L.

'anity the mirror,' this was call'd:
, you a muckworm of the town might see,
s dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd
ıp with carking care and penurie;
like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
enny saved is a penny got:'
to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
' its rigour will he bate a jot,
ıas quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

LI.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage:
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store.

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:
Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew:
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

puzzling sons of party next appear'd
ark cabals and nightly juntos met; [rear'd
. now they whisper'd close, now shrugging
' important shoulder; then, as if to get
r light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
sooner Lucifer* recalls affairs,
n forth they various rush in mighty fret;
en lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their
cares,
ies another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

what most show'd the vanity of life,
i to behold the nations all on fire,
ruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
t christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
h honourable ruffians in their hire,
se war to rage, and blood around to pour;
his sad work when each begins to tire,
n sit them down just where they were before,
or new scenes of woe peace shall their force
restore.

LVI

number up the thousands dwelling here,
useless were, and eke an endless task;
m kings, and those who at the helm appear,
gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
ose desk and table make a solemn show,
h tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
place or pension laid in decent row;
ese I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

* The Morning-Star.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive not sad, in thought involv'd not dark,
As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One* shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershading oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—'Thank heaven! the day is done.'

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in their nook of quiet, bells had ever been.

* *Conjecture has applied this to* Dr. Armstrong, the poet.

LXIII.

But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the' exulting billows flow,
The further back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, he kept in gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, the' abode of sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest* there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature let,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad:
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent

* George, Lord Lyttelton.

LXVI.

'Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the muse, and nature mark:
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park.'

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd the' Esopus* of the age;
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force the' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense the' enlighten'd judgment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
Who,† void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the author, (since *understood to have* been Lord Lyttelton) and were *designed to portray the* character of Thomson.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man* of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought
And on their brow sat every nation's cares;
The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hol
And the sage berry, sun-burnt Mocha bears,
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smok enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business fre
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom

* The Rev. Mr. Murdoch, Thomson's friend and biographer.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
(And labour dire it is, and weary woe)
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god, soft breathing in the wind.*

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown:
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpitied uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

* After this stanza, the following was introduced, in the edition of 1746.

One nymph there was, methought, in bloom of May,
On whom the idle Fiend glanc'd many a look,
In hopes to lead her down the slippery way
To taste of Pleasure's deep deceitful brook:
No virtues yet her gentle mind forsook:
No idle whims, no vapours fill'd her brain,
But Prudence for her youthful guide she took,
And Goodness, which no earthly vice could stain,
Dwelt in her mind; she was no proud I ween or vain.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppreat,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield th
breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man: with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd
a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro: [cry
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometime
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew no
why.

LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst Apoplexy cram'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.*

* These four concluding stanzas were claimed by Doctor Armstrong, and inserted in his Miscellanies.

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievments fair;
That by this Castle's overthrow,
Secur'd, and crowned were.

I.

Escap'd the castle of the sire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe the' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-Land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name;
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the silvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthful morning void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And, certes, had been utterly undone;
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

f fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
1 every science, and in every art,
y which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
hat can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
isclosing all the powers of head and heart:
e were the goodly exercises spar'd,
hat brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
nd mix elastic force with firmness hard:
s never knight on ground mote be with him
compar'd.

X.

ometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
he hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
nd drew the roseat breath of orient day;
ometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
clad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
e strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
r darting on the goal, oustrip'd the gale,
r wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough
compeer.

XI.

t other times he pried through nature's store,
Vhate'er she in the' ethereal round contains,
Vhate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
he vegetable and the mineral reigns;
r else he scan'd the globe, those small domains,
Vhere restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
ts seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
ut more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from
sleep
ose *moral seeds* whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught:
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits?
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean-pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With nature his creating pencil vied,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife:
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet, and the martial fife,
Or bad the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a babarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song
To say how this best sun, from orient climes,
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray;
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden times,
Successive, had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A silvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing through the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost;
Save spear, and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the *Roman steel* their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains:
'Be this my great, my chosen isle, (he cries)
This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.'
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest firmest hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame:
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from Heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame;
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil;
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er the' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd city* by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk the' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous nursling breeds:
Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? They are the quintessence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and slow increas'd;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,
Poor sons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
The' eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains:
The best and sweetest far are toil-created gains.

* Constantinople.

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain-land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent:
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main:
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his silvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September-moons the radiance mild.
O hide thy head, abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian-idleness the child!
From Heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories vil'd!

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
The' amusing care of rural industry.
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landskips strike the eye,
And all the enliven'd country beautify;
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads the' exulting streamlets fly:
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach;
'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fan'd
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye?
That soul enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curst influence:
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
Ev'n much of private; eat our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout:

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be bless'd,
With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard rear'd: her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
'Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,
The lacquey, be more virtuous than his lord?
Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford.'

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose:
'Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call;
Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows.'
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full-speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

'I will, (he cried) so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage.'—His page then straight
He to him call'd; a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch:—'My steed be at the gate;
My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate.'—
This net was twisted by the sisters three;
Which, when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

XXXIII.

came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
th sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
is his sister* of the copses green,
crept along, unpromising of mien.
ɔes he who judges so. His soul was fair,
ght as the children of yon azure sheen!
ıe comeliness, which nothing can impair,
ls in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

ɔme (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd mine
e demon Indolence threats overthrow [ear:
all that to mankind is good and dear:
me, Philomelus, let us instant go,
:rturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
ose men, those wretched men! who will be
.st drink a bitter, wrathful cup of woe: [slaves,
t some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
rise.' Thrice happy he! who without rigour
saves.

XXXV.

ıing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
ardent bay, and on whose front a star
ɔne blazing bright: sprung from the generous
at whirl of active day the rapid car, [breed,
pranc'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
antime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
honest, sober beast, that did not mar
ı meditations, but full softly trode:
much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

* *The Nightingale.*

XXXVII.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss.
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This Truth of Truths, which nothing can refel:
'From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul;
While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
Will through the tortur'd breast their fiery torrent roll.'

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay, [rear:
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite even of themselves their senses cheer;
Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

'As God shall judge me! knight, we must forgive
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cried)
The frail good man deluded here to live,
And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be denied,
That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
But that our charity be not too nice?
Come, let us those we can, to real bliss entice!

XXXIX.

'Ay, sicker, (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,
To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
But let not brutish vice of this avail,
And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive:
Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;
But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
Who must in floods of fire his gross, foul spirit lave.'

XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly gear array'd,
The grave, majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
The rabble rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
What pity base his song, who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent, with fix'd delight:
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who back'ning shun'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius* trap'd his foe;
E'en so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the Net of Woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Inrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, the' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness every creature strook, [ground:
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the
Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd, with blemish'd look,
As if on Time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

* A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole:
'There must, (he cried) amid so vast a shoal,
Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:
Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start.'

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.——
'Ye hapless race,
Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,
That lights our Maker's image in our face,
And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway;
What is the' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?—
What, but eternal, never-resting soul,
Almighty power, and all-directing day;
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
Who fills, *surrounds, informs*, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII.

'Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
To seraphs burning round the' ALMIGHTY's [throne,
Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
In universal nature this clear shown,
Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

'Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November-fogs, and slumbrous mass
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face:
Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?—
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race

L.

'It was not by vile loitering in ease,
That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art;
That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

LI.

'Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none prais'd.

LII.

'Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick swains,
Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

LIII.

'Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his *country's* cause been prodigal of blood?

LIV.

'But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require:
Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

LV.

'Ah what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given?
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVI.

'O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find:
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

LVII.

'But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
Your talents here: this place is but a show,
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.
Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good night,
And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

LVIII.

'Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
To senates some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
To high discovery some, that new-creates
The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart:
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art!

LIX.

'There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair:
"All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)
Ev'n death despis'd by generous actions fair;
All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
And from the powerful arms of sloth get free:
'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!"

LX.

'Would you then learn to dissipate the band
Of the huge threatning difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
Here to mankind indulg'd; controul desire:
Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word—*I will!*—and it is done.

LXI.

'Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful
Your few important days of trial here? [wise,
Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
Through endless states of being, still more near
To bliss approaching, and perfection clear;
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the sordid crime!'

LXII.

'Enough! enough!' they cried—straight, from the
The better sort on wings of transport fly: [crowd,
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
The' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away, [gay.
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being

LXIII.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new created men,
Than that which wings the' exulting spirit clean,
When just deliver'd from this fleshly den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen:
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Ev'n so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
E'en such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove:
'Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
While with kind nature here amid the grove,
We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon Heaven sublime.'

LXV.

'Ye impious wretches, (quoth the knight in wrath)
Your happiness behold!'—Then straight a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falshood to command.
Sudden the landskip sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when nig
controul'd
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl

LXVII.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
Depeinted have, its horrors deep display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light the' unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray, [mi
Through the drear caverns stretching many
The sick up-rais'd their heads, and drop'd th
woes awhile.

LXVIII. [s

'O Heaven! (they cried) and do we once mo
Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
Are we from noisome damps of pest-house fre
And drink our souls this sweet ethereal air?
O thou! or Knight, or God? who holdest there
That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!
But what for us, the children of despair,
Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remain
Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.'

LXIX.

'he gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
.et fall adown his silver beard some tears.
Certes (quoth he) it is not ev'n in grace,
'o' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
'athless to nobler worlds repentance rears,
Vith humble hope, her eye; to her is given
. power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
he quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
: more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
.nd by these sufferings purify the mind;
.et wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:
r pious die, with penitence resign'd;
.nd to a life more happy and refin'd,
Doubt not, you shall new creatures, yet arise.
'ill then, you may expect in me to find
Ine who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
e who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to
the skies.'

LXXI.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears:
For you (resum'd the knight with sterner tone)
Whose hard dry hearts the'o bdurate demon sears,
That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
His fatal charms, and weep your stains away:
Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
You feel a perfect change: then, who can say,
'hat grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eter-
nal day?'

LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends,
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some, from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening Heaven displeds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

LXXV.

But ah! their scorned day of grace was past:
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast;
With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the cloudless air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd;
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground, by piercing Caurus sear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow;
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where-e'er he went, still barked all the *while.*

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despightful fiend;
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd:
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Ev'n so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous
song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

BRITANNIA.

—— Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili pœna commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
Nonilli imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum.—— *Virg.*

ıs on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,
f her degenerate sons the faded fame,
eep in her anxious heart, revolving sad:
are was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
hat hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew;
oose flow'd her tresses; rent her azure robe.
lung o'er the deep from her majestic brow
he tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.
or ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
or ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main.
eace discontented, nigh departing, stretch'd
ler dove-like wings: and War, though greatly rous'd,
et mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
f nations spoke; and what she said the muse
ecorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.
'Ev'n not yon sail, that from the sky-mixt wave,
awns on the sight, and wafts the Royal Youth,*
freight of future glory to my shore;

* Frederic Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

Ev'n not the flattering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endless line
Through late revolving time, can soothe my rag
While, unchastis'd, the' insulting Spaniard dares
Infest the trading flood, full of vain war,
Despise my navies, and my merchants seize;
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
The world of waters wild; made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doub
This tame beseeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this un-native fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And sail'd my fleets for this; on Indian tides
To float, inactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot disease,
And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, sunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country, unaveng'd;
And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
Dispirited, and thin; her sons asham'd
Thus idly to review their native shore;
With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
The violated merchant comes along;
That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gu
He drew, and sweat beneath equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
Were once the British lion heard to roar.

:e is it that the proud Iberian thus,
r own well-asserted element,
rouse to wrath the masters of the main?
old him, that the big incumbent war
. not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
ky ruin? and his guilty stores,
y the ravage of a butcher'd world,
atton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep,
the glittering prize into the Thames?
ere was a time (Oh let my languid sons
e their spirit at the rousing thought!)
all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
l o'er the labouring surge; like a whole heaven
ıds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.
he splendid armament along
nt plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
k the sun, o'er all the flaming Vast;
orgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
y conquest; while their bloated war,
ı'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
s held in its capacious womb.
ɔn, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
ıntless Britons came, a gloomy few,
empests black, the goodly scene deform'd,
id their glory waste. The bolts of fate
:ss thunder'd through their yielding sides;
o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
iz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide,
he mighty waters, deep they sunk.
oo from every promontory chill,
:n, and cavern where the wild wave works,
t confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
atter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,

And pointed rock, that marks the' indented
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern
Howls through the fractur'd Caledonian isle:
'Such were the dawnings of my watery r
But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
Ev'n in those troubled times, when dreadful
Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
Sustain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm.
Ah, what must those immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts? Those, for their country'
Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fe
No mean submission, but commanded peace.
Ah, how with indignation must they burn?
(If aught, but joy, can touch ethereal breas
With shame? with grief? to see their feebl
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd
For which their wisdom plan'd, their councils
And their veins bled through many a toiling
'Oh, first of human blessings! and supren
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful tho
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men,
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by bloc
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent sho
Trickling distils into the verdant glebe;
Instead of mangled carcases, sad-seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er th
When only shining shares, the crooked knif
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,

The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Bless'd be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armory returns;
And every vigour, from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings;
And him the smiling mother to her train.
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor soothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone: his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song. [thee?
'What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for
What painful patience? What incessant care?
What mix'd anxiety? What sleepless toil?
Ev'n from the rash protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Inevitable war; when ruffian force

Awakes the fury of an injur'd state.
Ev'n the good patient man, whom reason rules,
Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check, the' astonish'd sons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cause,
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:
And as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just. [more,
'And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The least beginning injury receives?
What better cause can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
For oh! it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
Ev'n with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still: let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a Briton seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?
Then ardent rise! Oh, great in vengeance rise!
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:
And as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state

At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory: this your wisdom; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state,
That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
A state, alone, where Liberty should live,
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown;
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a sullen courage, growing still
As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this,
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By lavish nature thrust into your hand:
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow;
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land;
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
Its course another way, o'er other lands

The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.
Not Egypt, where, her better heaven the Nil
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rc
And roaring cataracts beyond the reach
Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain;
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from tl
Ev'n not that prime of earth, where harvests
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void; than of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boasted isle: her princes sunk
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust
Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quit
With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd w
Her hollow shops shut up; and in her street
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roa
The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.
'Oh, let not then waste luxury impair
That manly soul of toil, which strings your r
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh, let not the soft, penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind! and working t
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty; the high conception blast;
The noble sentiment, the' impatient scorn
Of base subjection, and the swelling wish

eral good, erasing from the mind:
ought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
' design, the sneaking passions all
e, and reigning in the rankled breast.
at last, by scarce perceiv'd degrees,
' the very frame of government,
, a total dissolution comes;
norance, dejection, flattery, fear.
ion raging o'er the waste he makes;
nan being almost quite extinct;
whole state in broad corruption sinks.
n that gulf: that gaping ruin shun!
ntless ages roll it far away
u, ye heaven-belov'd! May liberty,
it of life! the sun of humankind!
heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
ere the keen depressive North descends,
ead, exalt, and actuate your powers!
avish southern climates beam in vain.
y a public spirit from the throne,
every virtue sits, go copious forth,
r the land! the finer arts inspire;
oughtful Science raise his pensive head,
e fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice,
rough sons of lowest Labour smile.
profuse of spring, the loosen'd West
the pining year, and balmy breathes
ife, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.
aste we from these melancholy shores,
eaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint
ak; the country claims our active aid;
us roam; and where we find a spark
ic virtue, blow it into flame.
y *my sons*, the sons of freedom! meet

In awful senate; thither let us fly;
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of Britannia round.'

This said; her fleeting form, and airy train,
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY

COMPARED.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your Royal Highness received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince and of the patriot united; an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty; an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people; to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

the following attempt to trace Liberty, from irst ages down to her excellent establishment reat Britain, can at all merit your approbation, prove an entertainment to your Royal High- ; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of ubject, and of the name under which I pre- : to shelter it; I have my best reward: parti- ly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient

And most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

CONTENTS.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Vision. Its scene, the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterized as British Liberty. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory. This contrasted by modern Italy; its valleys, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the capital city, Rome. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiæ, how changed. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce, from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitutes the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

lamented Talbot! while with thee
Muse gay rov'd the glad Hesperian round,
lrew the' inspiring breath of ancient arts;
ittle thought she her returning verse
d sing our darling subject to thy Shade.
loes the mystic veil, from mortal beam,
'e those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
ll thy Father's candid spirit shone?
ight of reason, pure, without a cloud;
f the generous heart, the mild regard;
ır disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
impid truth, that looks the very soul.
) the death of mighty nations turn
ain; be there absorb'd the private tear.
ing, I lay; warm from the sacred walks,
e at each step imagination burns:
scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
ı vast monument, once glorious Rome,
omb of empire! Ruins! that efface
e'er, of finish'd, modern pomp can boast.
tch'd by these wonders to that world where
ter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand [thought
ıe *anew o'er all the* solemn scene,

Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn dress
When straight, methought, the fair majestic Po
Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life:
But her bright temples bound with British oak
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port: loose o'er her shoulder flow'
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
An island-goddess now; and her high care
The Queen of Isles, the mistress of the main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight;
And, as she mov'd to speak, the' awaken'd Mu
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began:
'Mine are these wonders, all thou see'st is m
But ah, how chang'd! the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once the' Ausonian shore.
Look back through time: and, rising from the glo
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I s
'The great Republic see! that glow'd, sublin
With the mix'd freedom of a thousand states;
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her curule chair
And by her fasces aw'd the subject world.
See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high
For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to men.
Behold, the country cheering, villas rise,
In lively prospect; by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost, and streams renown'd in so
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale

On Baiæ's viny coast; where peaceful seas,
Fan'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore;
And suns unclouded shine, through purest air:
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome;
Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade;
To where Prenestè lifts her airy brow;
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

'See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads;
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

'Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see!
Behold her demigods, in senate met;
All head to counsel, and all heart to act:
The commonweal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd
To rank obedient to a master's voice.

'Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires*,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state.
See Justice judging there, in human shape.
Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

'Her tribes, her census, see; her generous troops,

* Lucius Junius Brutus, and Virginius.

Whose pay was glory, and their best reward
Free for their country and for me to die;
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
'Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.
'Her festive games, the school of heroes, see;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth:
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest born,
And of a people cast in virtue's mould:
While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this sun, this centre of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.
'Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth, and heaven, revers'd.
Who but these far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life; who but inflam'd
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace; unhappy land,
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?
'Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? The mountains these,
On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,
I bred to glory? These dejected towns,
Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp?
'Come! by whatever sacred name distinguish'd,

Oppression come! and in thy works rejoice!
See nature's richest plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,
See raz'd the' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his reward, resing'd the plough;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy dear champaign flies.
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate and grey,
Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotten ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er the' abandon'd waste;
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.
' Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer! foe
To humankind! thy mountains too, profuse,
Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
To raise against thy desolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving states
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun,
Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harvest pines; the livid, lean, produce
Of heartless labour: while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift thy lazy hand.
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence, drooping art almost to nature leaves

The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine:
Nor juice Cæcubian, or Falernian, more,
Streams life and joy, save in the Muses' bowl.
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds the citron blows;
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines;
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

'Nor half thy triumph this: cast from brute fields
Into the haunts of men, thy ruthless eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean convenience reigns; ev'n sleep itself,
Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See streets whose echoes never know the voice
Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,
And art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race
Of occupation void, as void of hope;
Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune——madness all to them!
By thee relentless sciz'd their better joys,
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes.

And love and music melt their souls away.
From feeble Justice, see how rash Revenge,
Trembling, the balance snatches! and the sword,
Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
'But chief let Rome, the mighty city! speak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,
Expiring nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tiber, through the desert plain,
Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares; and, artful dress'd,
Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often in magnific jail,
Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city bounds, the desert see.
See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
Indecent, spread; beneath whose fretted gold
It once, exulting flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fir'd by me; the public good
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic soul
Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now
A thin despairing number, all-subdu'd,
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
By vice unman'd, and a licentious rule;
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.

Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
Thy sons, Oppression, are; and such were MINE.
'Ev'n with thy labour'd Pomp, for whose vain show
Deluded thousands starve: all age-begrim'd
Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks,
And by the tempest of two thousand years
Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.
These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil:
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream
No more delighted hear; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore; one granite all,
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
These endless wonders that this sacred* way
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
With the fine stores of art-completing Greece.
Mine is, besides, thy every later boast:
Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios, mine;
And mine the fair designs, which Raphael's† soul
O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.
'What would you say, ye conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head;
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear;
Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight!

* Via Sacra.

† Michael Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael D'Urbino; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,
Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations rose; possess'd of all
Which nature, art, and glory could bestow:
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk! your crowded plains,
Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills;
Ungrac'd your lakes; your ports to ships unknown;
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams:
These could you know? these could you love again?
Thy Tiber, Horace, could it now inspire,
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song: while through the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along?
Yon wild retreat*, where superstition dreams,
Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Fam'd in old song, the ship-forsaken bay†,
Your Formian shore? once the delight of earth,
Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
Would now your Naples seem? disaster'd less
By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,

* Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

† The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulysses, and his companions. Near Formiæ, Cicero had a villa.

His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires
Than by despotic rage :* that inward gnaws
A native foe; a foreign, tears without.
First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began:
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopl'd spreads, at last, the syren plain,†
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd;
And wrapt in weeds the shore ‡ of Venus lies.
There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng;
Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene mai
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise;
Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend:
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back.
An almost total desolation sits,
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
Where,§ when soft suns and tepid winters rose
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where citied hill, to hill reflected blaze;
And, where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,

* Naples, then under the Austrian government.

† Champagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

‡ The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned wit
works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst
magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are st
be seen.

§ All along this coast, the ancient Romans had their wint
treats; and several populous cities stood.

n Nature yields; by fire, and earthquake rent:
ıole stately cities in the dark abrupt
ıllow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid.
.est for serpents; from the red abyss
v hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
eedy pool: and all to Cuma's point,
: sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
l pour'd triumphant o'er the buried dome.
Hence, Britain, learn; my best establish'd last,
. more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign;
land where, King and People equal bound
guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow;
where my jealous unsubmitting soul,
dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:
:n hence, if such the miserable fate
n heroic race, the masters once
umankind; what, when depriv'd of ME,
' grevious must be thine? in spite of climes,
ɔse sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
ıigher powers; in spite of happy soils,
t, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
h treasures teem to thy cold clime unknow'n;
ere desponding fail the common arts,
sustenance of life: could life itself,
less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
sist with thee? against depressing skies,
'd to full-spread oppression's cloudy brow,
v could thy spirits hold? where vigour find,
:'d fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
storing every harvest in thy ports,
plough the dreadful all-producing wave?
ere paus'd the Goddess. By the cause assur'd,
rembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer:
ɔ first, and most benevolent of powers!

Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,
Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
To shield mankind; to raise them to assert
The native rights and honour of their race:
Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
And with a strain from THEE enrich the Muse.
As thee alone she serves, her patron THOU,
And great inspirer be! then will she joy,
Though narrow life her lot, and private shade:
And when her venal voice she barters vile,
Or to thy open or thy secret foes;
May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song
Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew!
Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
That owe their being, yet betray thy cause.'
Then, condescending kind, the heavenly Power
Return'd:——'What here, suggested by the scene
I slight unfold, record and sing at home,
In that bliss'd isle, where (so we spirits move)
With one quick effort of my will I am.
There Truth, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accost
Ev'n kings themselves, the monarchs of the free!
Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race
O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice·
And there, to finish what his sires began,
A Prince behold! for me who burns sincere,
Ev'n with a subject's zeal. He my great work
Will parent-like sustain; and added give
The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.
For Britain's glory swells his panting breast:
And ancient arts he emulous revolves:
His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,

h clouds of pomp that but conceal the man;
se his pleasure; bounty his delight;
the soul of Titus dwells in him.'
glorious theme! but how, alas! shall verse,
ne crude stores of mortal language drawn,
nt and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,
ddess flash'd at once upon my soul.
ar precision all, the tongue of gods
ony itself; to every ear
r known, like light to every eye.
ne disclosing ages, as she spoke,
succession pour'd their empires forth;
fter scene, the human drama spread;
ll the' embodied picture rose to sight.
iou! to whom the Muses owe their flame;
d'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,
ppocrenè flow; with thy bold ease,
iking force, the lightning of thy thought,
strong phrase, that rolls profound, and clear;
cious Goddess! re-inspire my song;
, to nobler than poetic fame
g, thy commands to Britons bear.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

GREECE.

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LIBERTY.

PART II.

'HUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless eye;
.nd at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose:—
'First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
ı woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
/hile on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
ı search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
'hese, as increasing families disclos'd
'he tender state, I taught an equal sway.
ew were offences, properties, and laws.
eneath the rural portal, palm-o'erspread,
'he father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
/ith reason then and equity the same,
ree as the common air, her prompt decree;
'or yet had stain'd her sword with subjects' blood.
'he simpler arts were all their simple wants
'ad urg'd to light. But instant, these supplied,
.nother set of fonder wants arose,
.nd other arts with them of finer aim;
'ill, from refining want to want impell'd,
'he mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
.nd life began to glow, and arts to shine.
'At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
aunch'd the rude spear: swift, as he glar'd along,
n the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
or then young sportive life was void of toil,

Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd;
Lewd lazy rapine broke primeval peace,
And hid in caves and idle forests drear,
From the lone pilgrim, and the wandering swain,
Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd sires, on lawless men,
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose;
Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West, with the living day, to Greece I came:
Earth smil'd beneath my beam: the Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain;
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
'For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook;
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
And with their river trac'd it from the skies.
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd;
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts;
By poets, sages, legislators sought;
The school of polish'd life, and humankind.
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her Civil Sister* leagu'd, involv'd

* Civil Tyranny.

ıtudied darkness the desponding mind;
ɜn Tyrant-Power the righteous scourge unloos'd:
· yielded reason speaks the soul a slave.
tead of useful works, like nature's, great,
ɔrmous, cruel wonders crush'd the land;
d round a tyrant's tomb*, who none deserv'd,
· one vile carcase perish'd countless lives.
ɜn the great Dragon†, couch'd amid his floods,
ell'd his fierce heart, and cried, "This flood is
ı I that bid it flow." But, undeceiv'd, [mine,
frenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt;
t that, without my fertilizing power,
ıs lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
ıght could retard me: nor the frugal state
rising Persia, sober in extreme,
'ond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
ɔ luxurious waste: nor yet the ports
ɔld Phœnicia; first for letters fam'd,
ıt paint the voice, and silent speak to sight;
ırts prime source, and guardian! by fair stars,
ɜt tempted out into the lonely deep;
whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
ɜ winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,
:h all the the peaceful power of ruling trade;
'nest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd;
· by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
ɜ silver Jordan laves. Before me lay
e promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight.
Hail nature's utmost boast! unrival'd Greece!
fairest reign! where every power benign
ıspir'd to blow the flower of humankind,
d lavish'd all that genius can inspire.

* The Pyramids. † The Tyrants of Egypt.

Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Iönian or Ægean, temper'd kind:
Light, airy soils: a country rich, and gay;
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales:
Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous
flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless Arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds?
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Lybian main.
O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one: the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm,
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state;
Where mix'd each government, in such just poise;
Each power so checking, and supporting each;
That firm for ages and unmov'd, it stood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party rage.
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!

Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into Laconic force.
There too, by rooting thence still-treacherous self,
The Public and the Private grew the same.
The children of the nursing Public all,
And at its table fed; for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and even for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.
'Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose.
Where, with bright marbles big, and future pomp,
Hymettus* spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health;
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus† glow'd
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, passionate for Me, an easy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash Democracy; unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose:

* A mountain near Athens.
† Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.

Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the settling whole: and, with the weig
Which the two senates* to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.
'Nor was my forming care to these confin'd.
For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well-pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair:
In exercise and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride
In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd
Felt every ardour burn: their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa† gave
'Hence flourish'd Greece; and hence a race
As gods by conscious future times ador'd: [m
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the fain'd pass,‡ firm as an isthmus stood;
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far.

* The Areopagus, or Supreme Court of Judicature, which S reformed and improved: and the Council of Four Hundred him instituted. In this council, all affairs of state were deliber before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

† Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were brated.

‡ The straits of Thermopylæ.

As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd.
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band an host of slaves.
'Hence through the continent ten thousand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,
Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, unknown;
And deep rapacious floods, dire bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grinn'd;
Hunger, and toil; Armenian snows, and storms;
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds,
Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the sage-exalted Chief*
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes!
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
The soldiers fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries resounding loud—"The sea! The sea!"
'In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece!
And though gay wit, and pleasing grace was theirs,
All the soft modes of elegance, and ease;
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.
'My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,
The' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field

* Xenophon.

Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains: while through the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,*
And Father of Philosophy: the sun,
From whose white blaze emerg'd, each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure: goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole; as into truth,
And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
In different Schools: the bold poetic phrase
Of figur'd Plato; Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale:
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye;
The' exalted Stoic pride; the Cynic sneer;
The slow-consenting Academic doubt;
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
They, ever-candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason; and, since virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practice tried to prove his way
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base

* Socrates.

f Liberty, the liberty of mind:
or systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
ept with the monsters of succeeding times.
om priestly darkness sprung the' enlightening arts
f fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.
'O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts!'
hich to bright science blooming fancy bore;
this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
own'd with the laurel of assenting Time.
'In thy full language, speaking mighty things;
ke a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
broad majestic stream, and rolling on
rough all the winding harmony of sound:
it the power of Eloquence, at large,
eath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul;
ill'd by degrees the democratic storm,
bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
ush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
mean, unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
r unconfin'd divinity display'd;
d, still harmonious, form'd it to her will:
soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.
Heroic song was thine; the fountain Bard,*
hence each poetic stream derives its course.
ine the dread moral scene, thy chief delight!
here idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,
hen Reason spoke august; the fervent heart
plain'd, or storm'd; and in the' impassion'd man,
ncealing art with art, the poet sunk.

* Homer.

This potent school of manners, but when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundless cost, by thee; whose every son
Ev'n last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

'The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
Thine was the meaning music of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

'Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture sei
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left ev'n Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Through the live features of one breathing ston
There, beaming full, it shone; expressing gods
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
Sprung into motion; soften'd into flesh;
Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.

less thy pencil, with creative touch,
imic life, when all thy brightest dames,
led, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
ıen Apelles, who peculiar knew
a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
ıl of beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
·om the billows, blushing orient charms.
:h enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
uel-thoughted War the' impatient torch
:o the ground; and, rather than destroy
riot picture*, let the city scape.
:, elder Sculpture taught her sister art
design; where great ideas shone,
:he secret trace expression spoke:
her the graceful attitude; the turn.
uteous airs of head; the native act,
or easy; and, cast free behind,
:lling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
e bright Muse, their elder sister, came;
e her follow where she led the way;
·th, and sea, and air, in colours rise;
ious action on the canvass glow:
· gay Fable; spread Invention's store;
her View; taught Composition high
Arrangement, circling round one point,
·ts to sight, binds and commands the whole.
rom the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
·ning the soft trade of mere delight,

)emetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the
ting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of
ed Protogenes, he chose rather to raise the siege, than
burning of a famous picture called Jasylus, the mas-
that painter.

O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as the' imagin'd presence of the god
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouse to glory; while, to rural life,
The softer canvass oft repos'd the soul.
There gayly broke the sun illumin'd cloud;
The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire:
White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd;
The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In closing shades, and where the current strays,
With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock:
Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves;
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

'To public virtue thus the smiling arts,
Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd; the Graces they
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great masters strove;
Courted by kings, and by contending states,
Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

'In Architecture too thy rank supreme!
That art where most magnificent appears

The little builder man; by thee refin'd,
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
The' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant, last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.
The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial rise.
'These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece,
From end to end'——Here interrupting warm,
'Where are they now? (I cried) say, goddess, where?
And what the land, thy darling thus of old?'
'Sunk! (she resum'd) deep in the kindred gloom
Of Superstition, and of Slavery, sunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear:
No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul
Of imitation in their breast awake.
Ev'n to supply the needful arts of life,
Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.
Scarce any trace remaining vestige grey,
Or nodding column on the desert shore,
To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.
A faithless land of violence, and death!
Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
And his wild impulse curious search restrains,

Afraid to trust the' inhospitable clime.
Neglected nature fails; in sordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The sun himself seems, angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race;
And fires them oft with pestilential rays:
While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So states must die and Liberty go round.

'Fierce was the stand, ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the soul fir'd by me, (that often, stung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants tried to clear the land)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.
Sooner I inov'd my much reluctant flight, [Greece
Pois'd on the doubtful wing: when Greece with
Embroil'd in foul contention fought no more
For common glory, and for common weal:
But false to freedom, sought to quell the free;
Broke the firm band of Peace, and sacred Love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force;
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepar'd the way for total overthrow. [scorn'd
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sue'd;
Sue'd to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the Great King;*

* So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.
Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land: unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn at every blast the seas:
And by their listed orators, whose breath
Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
Rous'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
To sordid peace—Peace* ! that, when Sparta shook
Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could so base, so infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
Respiring Athens* rear again her walls:
And the pale fury fir'd them, once again
To crush this rival city to the dust.
For now no more the noble social soul
Of Liberty my families combin'd;
But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war:
Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.
Long years roll'd on‡, by many a battle stain'd,

* The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the lesser Asia to the dominion of the King of Persia.

† Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendour.

‡ The Peloponnesian war.

The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory shone supreme:
But let detesting ages, from the scene
Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds,
She felt her spirits fail; and in the dust
Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Agesilaus, and the Theban friends*:
The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire scent of Cheronæa† lur'd,
And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.
'Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
For every grace, and muse, and science born;
With arts of War, of Government, elate;
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best;
Whom I myself could scarcely rule: and thus
The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
'Unless Corruption first deject the pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of Violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by Force was Freedom overcome.
But soon as Independence stoops the head,
To Vice enslav'd, and vice-created Wants;
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds:
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
Till the whole state unnerv'd in Slavery sinks.'

* Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

† The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

LIBERTY.

PART III.

ROME.

CONTENTS.

As this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients. With these colonies, the Spirit of Liberty, and of Republics, spreads over Italy. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities. Amidst the many small Republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece. Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the First Part of this Poem: to mark its Rise and Fall the peculiar purport of This. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty, and Virtue, exerted. The source whence derived the Heroic Virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these Virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad. Bounds of the Roman empire geographically described. The states of Greece restored to Liberty, by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion, in the death of Brutus. Rome under the emperors. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations; where, by infusing into them her Spirit and general principles, she lays the groundwork of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

LIBERTY.

PART III.

melting mix'd with air the' ideal forms,
painted still whate'er the goddess sung.
I, impatient.—'From extinguish'd Greece,
hat new region stream'd the Human Day?'
oftly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
n'd to Boreas, the declining year,
m'd—'Indignant, these last scenes I fled;*
long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
atium stood arous'd. Ages before,
t mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
m after swarm, her ardent youth around.
sia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
hief on fair Hesperia's winding shore;
re, from Lacinium† to Etrurian vales,
roll'd increasing colonies along,
lent materials for my Roman reign.
them my spirit spread; and numerous states
cities rose, on Grecian models form'd;
parental policy, and arts,
had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd

* The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.
† A promontory in Calabria.

A guarding Genius, o'er the public weal,
Kept an unclosing eye: tried to sustain,
Or more sublime, the soul infus'd by me:
And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
Against the tyrant Demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
But almost all below the proud regard
Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent
That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.
'Not so the Samian sage;* to him belongs
The brightest witness of recording Fame.
For these free states his native isle† forsook,
And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air; [taught;
And through Great Greece‡ his gentle wisdom
Wisdom that calm'd for listening years§ the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.
His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps
Of boundless ether; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
There he the full consenting choir beheld;
There first discern'd the secret band of love,
The kind attraction, that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
The Son of beings! beaming unconfin'd

* Pythagoras.

† Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

‡ The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

§ His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

life, and love, and ever-active power:
nought can image, and who best approves
ent worship of the moral heart,
ys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the joy.
rn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life,
und his reason to the sphere of man.
e the four yet reigning virtues* name;
l the study of the finer arts,
vilize mankind, and laws devis'd
with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd.
, into his tender system, took
ver shares the brotherhood of life:
ght that life's indissoluble flame,
rute to man, and man to brute again,
r shifting, runs the' eternal round;
tried against the blood-polluted meal,
nbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
the human heart. Delightful truth!
beheld the living chain ascend,
t a circling form but rising whole.
id these small republics one arose
ow Tiber's bank, almighty Rome,
or me. A nobler spirit warm'd
s; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler still
'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd,
ll their crimes; bade radiant eras rise,
e long honours of the Consul-line.
e from the fairer, not the greater, plan
ece I varied; whose unmixing states,
keen soul of emulation pierc'd,
age'd alone the bloodless war of arts,
eir best empire gain'd. But to diffuse

* The four cardinal virtues.

O'er men an empire was my purpose now:
To let my martial majesty abroad;
Into the vortex of one state to draw
The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth
To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.

'Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my amplest reign.
Now, while its first, last, periods you survey,
Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.

'When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp
And, soon as her resistless legions shone, [
The nations stoop'd around; though then ap
Her grandeur most; yet in her dawn of pow
By many a jealous equal people press'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then;
Then for each Roman I a hero told;
And every passing sun, and Latian scene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That or surpass the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.

'For then, to prove my most exalted powe
I to the point of full perfection push'd,
To fondness and enthusiastic zeal,
The great, the reigning passion of the free.
That godlike passion! which, the bounds of s
Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardour of unnumber'd selves
Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.
From this kind sun of moral nature flow'd
Virtues, that shine the light of humankind,
And, ray'd through story, warm remotest tim
These virtues too, reflected to their source,

ncreas'd its flame. The social charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive still,
As more by virtue mark'd; till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew. [voice,
'Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard;
And in their hearts the fathers throb'd no more:
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence sweeten'd Pain, the luxury of toil;
Patience, that baffled fortune's utmost rage;
High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd;
As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,
Their dewy mercy drop'd, the bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce.
Hence, Independence, with his little pleas'd
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god;
On whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field,
The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendour all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough;
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
In long majestic flow, to rule the state,
With Wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
To drive the steady battle on the foe.
Hence every passion, ev'n the proudest, stoop'd
To common good: Camillus, thy revenge;
Thy glory, *Fabius*. All submissive hence,

Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Though Conquest o'er them clap'd her eagle-wi
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy ste
To the triumphal car; soon as expir'd
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,
(A harder lesson that than to command)
Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they
By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd t
And above envy, in a rival's train, [o
Sung the loud Iös by themselves deserv'd.
Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's banl
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii died;
And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf.
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counsel never given before;
For Roman honour sue'd, and his own doom.
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
His little children climbing for a kiss;
Then dumb through rows of weeping wonde
A new illustrious exile! press'd along. [frie
Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
Opposing his return, than if, escap'd
From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
The noisy town a while and city cloud,
To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air.
Need I these high particulars recount?
The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame;
Flight their worst death, and shame their only
Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,

ıen Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
rk the rare boast of these unequal'd times.
es revolv'd unsullied by a crime:
rea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
bind a race elated with the pride
virtue, and disdaining to descend
meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
ıile war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
at often hang on Freedom's jealous brow;
d fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd,
ıen not a Roman bled but in the field.
eir virtue such, that an unbalanc'd state,
ll between Noble and Plebeian tost,
flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
ıs then kept firm, and with triumphant prow
de out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,
at from the first their constitution shook,
latent ruin, growing as it grew,)
ıod on the threatening point of civil war
ady to rush: yet could the lenient voice
wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
ose sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts
petrified by self, so naked lay
d sensible to Truth, that o'er the rage
giddy faction, by oppression swell'd,
evail'd a simple fable, and at once
peace recover'd the divided state.
t if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
ıe soothing touch; still, in the love of Rome,
ıe dread Dictator found a sure resource.
as she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
ıe common quarrel wide inflam'd the whole.
ıes in the forum in the field were friends,

By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die.
'Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd:
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.
'Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense;
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews:
From the dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd,
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain;
And bless'd Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watery north,
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine,
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,*
In the black Scythian sea† his torrent throws.
Last, that beneath the burning zone behold:
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Lybian sands,
Where Ammon lifts, amid the torrid waste,
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh;

* The ancient name of the Volga. † The Caspian Sea.

nd farther to the full Egyptian shore,
o where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
is never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
this vast space what various tongues, and states!
'hat bounding rocks, and mountains, floods and seas!
'hat purple tyrants quell'd, and nations free'd!
'O'er Greece, descended chief, with stealth divine,
he Roman bounty in a flood of day;
s at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
er full-assembled youth innumerous swarm'd.
n a tribunal rais'd, Flaminius sat;
victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
f iron-coated Macedon, and back
he Grecian tyrant* to his bounds repell'd.
the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
'hile sport alone their unambitious hearts
ossess'd; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
ade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
hen thus a herald:—"To the states of Greece
he Roman people, unconfin'd, restore
heir countries, cities, liberties, and laws:
axes remit, and garrisons withdraw."
he crowd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
ar'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
ike one who, dreaming, between hope and fear,
lost in anxious joy,) 'Be that again,
e that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.'
oud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd;
nd still as midnight in the rural shade,
'hen the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.

* The King of Macedonia.

A while severe amazement held them mute,
Then bursting broad, the boundless shout to Heaven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Through all her turrets stately Corinth* shook;
And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
What piercing bliss! how keen a sense of fame,
Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul!
And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
Escape the fondness of transported Greece?
Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace,
Nor strain'd a slave: and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours;
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew. "Ye gods! (they cried)
Ye guardian gods of Greece! and are we free?
Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?
And is it true? How did we purchase chains?
At what a dire expense of kindred blood?
And are they now dissolv'd? And scarce one drop
For the fair first of blessings have we paid?
Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
To turn success, and conquest, rarer still:
That the great gods and Romans only know.
Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown.

* The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth

le so magnanimous, to quit
ıative soil, traverse the stormy deep,
their blood and treasure, spent for us,
ı our states, our liberties, and laws!
loes! there does! Oh saviour, Titus! Rome!'
rough the happynight they pour'd theirsouls,
my last reflected beams rejoic'd,
n the shepherd, on the mountain-brow,
ing to his flocks and gamesome kids;
ne the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,
ıpward o'er the scene a parting gleam:
ı the glory that the mountain gilds,
n the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;
tern worlds irrevocable roll'd,
:he source of light recals his ray.'
interposing I—'Oh, Queen of men!
ı whose sceptre in essential rights
hey live; though plac'd, for common good,
, or in subjection or command;
ıt by common choice: alas! the scene,
rtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
ı into blood, and darkens into woe.'
e pursued:—'Near this great era, Rome
.o feel the swift approach of fate,
w her vitals gain'd: still more and more
:p divisions kindling into rage,
r with chains and desolation charg'd.
ı unequal balance of her sons
ierce contentions sprung; and, as increas'd
:ed inequality, more fierce
ım'd to tumult. Independence fail'd;
' luxurious wants, by real there;
:h this virtue every virtue sunk,
ı the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.

A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
On one side swell'd aristocratic Pride;
With Usury, the villain! whose fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! While on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd;
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,
As the proud feeder bade; inconstant, blind,
Deserting friends at need, and dupe'd by foes;
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
Their headlong fury, but of him depriv'd,
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.
'This firm republic, that against the blast
Of opposition rose; that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on ferocious Algidum,* whose boughs
Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe,)
By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself,
Ev'n force and spirit drew; smit with the calm,
The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pine'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppose:
Her† terror once, on Afric's tawny shore,
Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves;
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,
In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
For the false joys which Luxury prepares.
Unworthy joys! that wasteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No secret ray to glad the conscious soul;

* A town of Latium, near Tusculum.
† Carthage.

At once involving in one ruin wealth,
And wealth-acquiring powers: while stupid self,
Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense,
Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth;
Security relax'd the softening state;
And the broad eye of government lay clos'd.
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more: but party rag'd;
And partial power, and license unrestrain'd,
Let Discord through the deathful city loose.
First, mild Tiberius*, on thy sacred head
The fury's vengeance fell; the first, whose blood
Had since the consuls stain'd contending Rome.
Of precedent pernicious! with thee bled
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thousand more: till, into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
Then, half-asham'd, Corruption's thievish arts,
And ruffian force, begin to sap the mounds
And majesty of laws; if not in time
Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
'Thus Luxury, Dissention, a mix'd rage
Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth,
Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,
Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
Guilt unatoned, profuse of blood Revenge,
Corruption all avow'd, and lawless Force,
Each heightening each, alternate shook the state.
Meantime Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of *hardy legions* with the laurels heap'd

* Tiberius Gracchus.

And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
Combin'd in various storm, and from its base
The broad republic tore. By Virtue built
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
An ample roof: by Virtue too sustain'd,
And balanc'd steady, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
But when, with sudden and enormous change,
The first of mankind sunk into the last,
As once in Virtue, so in Vice extreme,
This universal fabric yielded loose,
Before Ambition still; and thundering down,
At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world.
A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
Must ever fall, when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
No land to sack and pillage but their own.
'By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,
Deep-drenching their revenge, nor virtues spar'd
Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
Till Rome, into a human shambles turn'd,
Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains,
Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
No Scævola there was, to raise for me
A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
No son, a witness to his hoary sire
In dust and gore defil'd? no friend, forlorn?
No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd
The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
No:—Sad o'er all profound dejection sat;

l nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs:
flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
rns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt.
vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
d all unhop'd the commonwealth restor'd,
iaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes. [hand
rough streets yet streaming from his murderous
arm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,
d on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
grace, which I to his demission gave.
t with him died not the despotic soul.
ibition saw that stooping Rome could bear
master, nor had virtue to be free.
ence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign
certain peace, no spreading prospect knew.
struction gather'd round. Still the black soul,
of a Catiline, or Rullus *, swell'd
ith fell designs; and all the watchful art
Cicero demanded, all the force,
l the state-wielding magic of his tongue;
id all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
ith these I linger'd; till the flame anew
irst out, in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
ie shameful contest sprung; to whom mankind
iould yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
rage impatient of an equal name;
to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow
'er daring vice deluding virtue smil'd,
nd who no less a vain superior scorn'd.

* Publius Servillus Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an grarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, t destructive of their liberty: and which was defeated by the oquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.

Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose
The venal will be bought, the base have lords.
To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves;
And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
The last of Romans, matchless Brutus! lay,
Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.
'What though the first smooth Cæsars arts care
Merit, and virtue, simulating me?
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clinch, and make it softer sit
On the new-broken still ferocious state.
From the dark Third*, succeeding, I beheld
The imperial monsters all.—A race on earth
Vindictive, sent the scourge of humankind!
Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt wor
Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace;
And whose infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
To that of Pætus†, in the peaceful bath,
Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.
But almost just the meanly-patient death,
That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke,
Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam;
More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
Of storm, and horror. The delight of men!
He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost;
Trajan and he, with the mild sire‡ and son,

* Tiberius.

† Thrasea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introd the account he gives of his death thus:—'After having inhum slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last a desire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thrasea,' &

‡ Antonius Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterw called Antoninus Philosophus.

is son of virtue! eas'd awhile mankind;
nd arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
hen was their last effort: what sculpture rais'd
o Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole;
nd mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chisel's shame)
n that triumphal arch,* the forms of Greece.
' Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
f gelid Hæmus, I pursued my flight;
nd, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
rmatia†, travers'd by a thousand streams.
sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
f rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
nd cruel deserts black with sounding pine;
'here nature frowns: though sometimes into smiles
e softens; and immediate, at the touch
f southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
uxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
ut, cold-comprest, when the whole loaded heaven
escends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
ies undistinguish'd earth; and, seiz'd by frost,
akes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans
sleep.
et there life glows; the furry millions there
eep dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows:
nd there a race of men prolific swarms,
o various pain, to little pleasure, us'd;
n whom, keen-parching, beat Riphæan winds;
ard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
he nursery of nations!—These I rous'd,
rove land on land, on people people pour'd;
ill from almost perpetual night they broke,

* Constantine's arch, to build which that of Trajan was destroy-
l, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

† The *ancient* Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country run-
g all along the north of Europe and Asia.

As if in search of day; and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless rag'd; in vengeance urg'd by me.
'Long in the barbarous heart the buried seeds
Of Freedom lay, for many a wintry age;
And though my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So, arts and each good genius in my train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to Heaven.
'In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes, and palaces, arise,
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble break
The passing poor magnificence of kings.
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze
Calls every splendour forth; and there his court,
Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds:
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals; wraps a view
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
Must cheerful toil out their appointed years.
A sense of higher life would only damp
The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble man,
With vigour through this infant-being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind.'

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

BRITAIN.

Difference betwixt the Ancients and Moderns si
upon. Description of the dark ages. The Godd
who, during these is supposed to have left earth, i
ed with Arts and Science. She first descends o
ture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to
veral arts by the great models of antiquity there, w
barous invasions had not been able to destroy.
these arts marked out. That sometimes arts ma
while under despotic governments, though nev
and genuine production of them. Learning b
The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who in l
wards Great Britain raises several free states and
enumerated. Author's exclamation of joy, u
British seas and coasts rise in the vision, which pa
the Goddess of Liberty said. She resumes her n
Genius of the Deep appears, and addressing Lib
Great Britain into his dominion. Liberty recei
tulated by Britannia, and the Native Genii or
island. These described. Animated by the pres
they begin their operations. Their beneficent infl
ed with the works and delusions of opposing Dem
with an abstract of the English history, marking
vances of Liberty, down to her complete estab
Revolution.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

: with the rising scene, thus I amaz'd:—
oddess, what a change! is earth the same
same kind the ruthless race she feeds?
ıes the same fair sun and ether spread
this vile spot their all enlivening soul
auty fails; lost in unlovely forms
: pomp, magnificence no more
the mind, and bids the public smile:
:o rapacious interest Glory leaves
.d, and every grace of life is gone.'
ıis the Power, whose vital radiance calls
he brute mass of man an order'd world:
.t till the morning shines, and from the depth
ıic darkness springs another day.
Genius droops; the tender ancient taste
uty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
ıtly trembles through the callous soul;
andeur, or of morals, or of life,
ıto safe pursuits, and creeping cares.
.utious Virtue seems to stoop her flight,
ed life to deem the generous deeds
h romantic. Yet in cooler thought
:ason'd, in researches piercing deep
h nature's works, in profitable arts,

And all that calm Experience can disclose,
(Slow guide, but sure,) behold the world anew
Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;
And, where my Spirit wakes the finer powers,
Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom,
'Oblivious ages pass'd; while earth, forsook
By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; first small of size,
But soon dilating to the skies she tow'rs:
Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread,
And high her head above the stormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war:
From land to land the mad'ning trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.
Shook to the pole, the North obey'd her call.
Forth rush'd the bloody power of Gothic war,
War against humankind: Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train:
Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword
Is reason, honour, law; the foe of arts,
By monsters follow'd hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with
Another species of tyrannic* rule, [thes
Unknown before, whose cancrous shackles seiz'd
The' envenom'd soul; a wilder Fury, she
Even o'er her Elder Sister† tyranniz'd;
Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud: the sable band,
Thundering;—"Submit, ye Laity! ye profane!

* Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.
† Civil tyranny.

Earth is the LORD's, and therefore ours; let kings
Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
f not, behold! the sacred lightning flies!"
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
For science uttering jangling words obscure,
Where frighted reason never yet could dwell;
Of peremptory feature, cleric Pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the lying spirit still descends:
Mother of tortures! persecuting Zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent-Heaven, the sourced Love!
Has wrought more horrors, more detested eeds,
Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs,
Came idiot Superstition; round with ears
Innumerous strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison reason; gross she swallows all,
The most absurd believing ever most.
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
'Nought to be seen, but visionary monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti-Saints,* disturbing distant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.

* Crusades.

All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
Pure plain Devotion* to a solemn farce;
To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient Freedom to the rage of slaves,†
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains
Dishonour'd Courage to the bravo's trade,‡
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life, unhing'd, to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.
'At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mix'd
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup [Hun
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd? Goths, Vanda
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend?
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's bloo
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death?
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,

* The corruptions of the church of Rome.
† Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.
‡ Duelling.

Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds;
And succourless, and bare, the poor remains
Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast?
Added to these, the still continued waste
Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey*,
And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, aud buried in their rage
Wonders of art: whence this grey scene, a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.
'Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.
'Amid the hoary ruins, Sculpture first,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
The well-known Hero†, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck:
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews touch'd
nto harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole

* The Hierarchy.
† The Hercules of Farnese.

Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator* : pitiless his look,
And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying other† from the gloom she drew;
Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate,
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lours,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
The quiver'd god‡. In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slacken'd bow;
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly soften'd form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave;
His features yet heroic ardour warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mix'd with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
On Flora mov'd; her full-proportion'd limbs
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love§ arose as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,

* Fighting Gladiator. † Dying Gladiator.
‡ Apollo of Belvidere. § Venus of Medici.

As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost masterpiece* she found,
That Maro fir'd†; the miserable sire,
Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp:
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
Seem so to tremble through the tortur'd stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye the' imperious passions seize:
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mix'd,
As the strong-curling monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd;
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

'She bore no more, but straight from Gothic rust
Her chisel clear'd, and dust‡ and fragments drove

* The group of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

† See Æneid II. ver. 199—227.

‡ It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the most celebrated master of modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

Impetuous round. Successive as it went
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till, in a legislator's awful grace
Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses* rise,
And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God*.
' Of these observant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd
The canvass, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd; and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldest race,
Barren, and dry; just struggling from the taste,
That had for ages scar'd in cloisters dim
The superstitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging This,
To each his portion of her various gifts
The Goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt
The' eternal chase. In elegant design,
Improving nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs, divine;
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,

* Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.

ıries tremulous from part to part,
all a binding harmony to throw,
aise the picture, and repose the sight.
Lombard school*, succeeding, mingled both.
Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,
.r'd the magnific front. Music again
r universal language of the heart
new'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
, the full concert spread, and solemn quire.
'Ev'n bigots smil'd; to their protection took
rts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
or in a tyrant's garden these awhile
lay bloom, though Freedom be their parent soil.
'And now confess'd, with gently-growing gleam
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern course
She, with her tutor Science, in my train,
Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew:
While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.
'Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.
'On Arno's† fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
I small republics‡ rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had social Freedom bound their peace, and arts,

* The school of the Caracci.
† The river Arno runs through Florence.
‡ The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna.

Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.
'Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public blessings strow'd:
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.
'The barren rocks themselves beneath my foc
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
Thick-swarming people* there, like emmets sei
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which Nature left in her destroying rage†,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other land
There, in white prospect from the rocky hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.
And while my genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
Vied for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.
'Nor be the then triumphant state forgot‡;
Where§, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant st

* The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous, but towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the Apenn rocks and mountains.

† According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

‡ Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regar trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of G Hope and America was discovered.

§ Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulf, from desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, f founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fi century.

Inspir'd by me, through the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive:
The seeming god-built city! which my hand
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny street; where on each hand,
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines; and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf,
The mart of nations! long, obedient seas
Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East.
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
(Whose shar'd oppression lightens, as diffus'd)
Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose.
The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
The softer shackles of luxurious ease
They likewise added, to secure their sway.
Thus Venice fainter shines; and Commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.
Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle* : found another seat†,
Opening a thousand ports, and charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.

'The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,
Confess'd my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a legue‡ of friendly states,
And bade plain Freedom there ambition be.

* The Main Ocean. † Great Britain. ‡ Swiss Cantons.

There in the vale, where rural plenty fills, [horn,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her
Chief*, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise,
Cities of brothers form'd: while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free; and, in their happy streets,
Nor cruel deed, nor misery, is known.
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture or retiring snows;
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy. [charm,
'Ev'n, cheer'd by me, their shaggy mountains
More than or Gallic or Italian plains;
And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,
Pines† to behold their Alpine views again:
The hollow-winding stream: the vale, fair-spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills;
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs,
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes:
The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd;
And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright

* Geneva, situated on Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

† The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss sickness.

A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain ash, and solemn-sounding pine:
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,
Down to the clear ethereal lake below:
And, high o'ertopping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky; where shines
On winter, winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

'From these descending, as I wav'd my course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave some favour'd cities* there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my soul.

'Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound;
There, I the manly race,† the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost,
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose‡ only terror was a bloodless death,
They wise, and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay.'

Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy:—
'O the dear prospect! O majestic view!
See Britain's empire! lo! the watry vast
Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn

* The Hans Towns. † The Swedes. ‡ See note †, p. 331.

My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
Goddess, forgive!—My heart, surpris'd, o'erflow
With filial fondness for the land you bless.'
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the celestial Brightness smil'd;
Then thus—'As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd
With easy wing; behold! from surge to surge
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud
Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and sho
From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To me his voice
(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howl
Mix'd with the murmurs of the falling main,)
Address'd, began—"By Fate commission'd, go,
My Sister-Goddess now, to yon bless'd isle,
Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.
All my dread walks to Britons open lie.
Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,
Or yellow evening, flame; those that, profuse
Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine;
Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
Ev'n, yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
The vast Pacific; that on other worlds,
Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars brav'd.

he crook of shore, the coward sail
low-crept; and peddling Commerce ply'd
near oining lands. For Britons, chief,
serv'd, with star-directed prow,
the middle deep, and drive assur'd
it nations through the pathless main.
· their fearless hearts the glory waits,
iths from land, while the black stormy night
hem rages, on the groaning mast
hook knee to know their giddy way;
unquell'd, amid the lashing wave;
at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
Invention's keen pervading eye,
t of Courage, and the hand of Toil,
quer'd ocean staining with their blood,
f treasure robb'd by ruffian war,
cial earth to circle fair exchange,
l the nations in a golden chain.
I honour'd stoop. Rushing to light
f men behold! whose daring deeds
enown exalt my nameless plains
ie of fabling earth, as her's to mine
yield. Nay, could my savage heart
ries check, their unsubmitting soul
l my fury brave, my tempest climb,
ht in spite of me my kingdom force."
iting no reply, the shadowy power
: dark sky, and to the deeps return'd:
e loud thunder rattling from his hand,
us, shook opponent Gallia's shore.
is encounter glad, my way to land
ursued, that from the smiling sea
me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard:
ic, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd

With pleas'd astonishment the labouring hind,
Who for a while the' unfinish'd furrow left,
And let the listening steer forget his toil.
Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath'd,
And her aerial train, these sounds of joy.
For of old time, since first the rushing flood,
Urg'd by almighty power, this favour'd isle
Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
Indented shore to shore responsive still,
Its guardian she—the Goddess, whose staid ey
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light
Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles p
Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose
Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
With every motion. Full her rising chest;
And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
Charm'd Sculpture, taking, might improve her
Such the fair Guardian of an isle that boasts,
Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
High-shining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting me, she stood; with hope inflam'd,
By my mix'd spirit burning in her sons,
To firm, to polish, and exalt the state,
'The native Genii, round her, radiant smil'd.
Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm,
Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,
No lion springs more eager to his prey:
Blood is a pastime; and his heart, elate,
Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known
By the relenting look, whose equal heart
For others feels, as for another self:

Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind sense within:
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
And the grey second infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A sight to gladden Heaven! whether she stands
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy:
Whether, to solace honest labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice:
Or whether to Philosophy, and Arts,
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride
Of government and life) she spreads her hand:
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.
Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
The mother of the state! no low revenge,
No turbid passions in her breast ferment:
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
As the last woe that can afflict mankind,
She punishment awards; yet of the good,
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himself
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!
Where reigns alone this justice of the free!
Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,
Diffusive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,

The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He, too, the fire of fancy feeds intense,
With all the train of passions thence deriv'd:
Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
And Independence stood: the generous pair,
That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,
And the still raptures of the free-born soul,
To cates prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd,
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene
Demanded, quit his silvan friend a while;
Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the commonweal;
Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,
Foul ministers, dark working by the force
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts.
He greatly scorns; and, if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame:
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground.
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the bashful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
Rough Labour clos'd the train: and in his hand
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there

:ngeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
in the very luxury of rage,
ftening can forgive a gallant foe;
ıerve, support, and glory of the land!
e Religion, rational, and free,
pass'd in silence; whose enraptur'd eye
Heaven with earth connected, human things
d to divine: who not from servile fear,
.es for some weak tyrant incense fit,
ɔod of Love adores, but from a heart
ng gladness, into pleasing awe
now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
ırless confidence that smiles serene;
lives devotion, one continual hymn,
ıen most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
ıt enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power
he rais'd circle ray'd superior day.
oy'd to join the Virtues, whence my reign
Albion was to rise. Each cheering each,
like the circling planets from the sun,
rrowing beams from me, a heighten'd zeal
ient fir'd us to commence our toils,
:asures rather. Long the pungent time
not in mutual hails; but, through the land
ıg our light, we shone the fogs away.
.e Virtues conquer with a single look.
grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
n their presence, stream in every glance,
he soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
: their own image, pure ethereal flame.
: the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
l still from us deluded mortals wrap;
gross shades they drown the visual ray,
the fogs of prejudice, where mix

Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray,
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire: so, pierc'd severe,
Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,
And all their works dissolve——the whisper'd tale.
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare. The Janus-face of courtly Pride;
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless worth the other scowls disdain:
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools.
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted faith;
Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties.
Soft-buzzing Slander; silky moths, that eat
An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw,
Of avaricious Luxury; who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his service, who betrays his king.

n your view, and mark from Celtic*
grandeur how my Britain rose. [night
e those Britons, who, the careless sons
oam'd the forest-bounds, at once
it city, high-embowering fane,
circle of their woodland wars:
Druid† taught, that death but shifts
ne, they that prime fear despis'd;
to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
ife that must again return.
Nature's hand, by tyrant force,
re tyrant custom, unsubdued,
no master save creating Heaven,
hoice and common good ordain.
sense, with which the nations I
fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
nes prophetic. Witness, Rome,
thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
fort was British hearts, repell'd,
rsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
f ages, bootless to secure,
empire's‡ yoke, a stubborn isle,
d, and never quite subdued.
remain'd untouch'd, where those who
ir'd; and, to their keen effort [scorn'd
ast, recoil'd the Roman power.
le to sustain the shock,

in was peopled by the Celtæ or Gauls.
, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the
n of all religious matters.
empire.
nhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great
ho would not submit to the Romans, retired.

From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
The wall immense,* and yet, on summer's e
While sport his lambkins round, the shepherc
Continual o'er it burst the northern storm,†
As often, check'd, receded; threatening ho
A swift return. But the devouring flood
No more endur'd control, when, to support
The last remains of empire,‡ was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk.
Great proof! how men enfeeble into slaves.
The sword§ behind him flash'd; before him
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, arou
He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flam
As when Caractacus‖ to battle led

* The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, v for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mou Tyne to Solway Frith.

† Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

‡ The Roman empire being miserably torn by the nor tions, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans, in 426 or 427.

§ The Britons, applying to Ætius the Roman general ance, thus expressed their miserable condition:—'We l which way to turn us. The Barbarians drive us to sea, an forces us back to the Barbarians; between which we have choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the v butchered by the sword.

‖ King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, counted the best general Great Britain had ever produced lures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all tons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecka Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

ian swains, and Boadicea* taught
raging troops the miseries of slaves.
hen (sad relief!) from the bleak coast, that hears
German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
yellow-hair'd, the blue-eyed Saxon came.
ame implor'd, but came with other aim
to protect: for conquest and defence
ces the same arm. With the fierce race
'd in a fresh invigorating stream,
l, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd.
war, and perilous battle, their delight;
immature, and red with glorious wounds,
aceful death their choice: deriving thence
ht to feast, and drain immortal bowls,
lin's hall;† whose blazing roof resounds
genial uproar of those shades, who fall
sperate fight, or by some brave attempt;

een of the Iceni.
is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among
the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another
at all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natu-
ths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under
, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such
and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery.
contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and
rises, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter
r enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths, upon bold
ures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or
of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house
uch guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables,
etual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls
enemies they had slain; according to the number of whom,
ne in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured
t entertained.

Sir William Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue.

And though more polish'd times the martial creed
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all.
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
And matchless orders, the deep basis still
On which ascends my British reign. Untam'd
To the refining subtleties of slaves,
They brought an happy government along;
Form'd by that freedom, which, with secret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
Of each harmonious power: only, too much,
Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd their General-King, and Chieftain-Thanes

'In many a field, by civil fury stain'd,
Bled the discordant Heptarchy;* and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
Egbert† and Peace on one united throne.

'No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm
Of brighter days, when lo! the North anew,
With stormy nations black, on England pour'd

* The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an assembly-general, or witenagemot.

† Egbert, King of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
The Danish Raven*, lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far seen, the Demon of devouring Flame;
Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While close behind them march'd the sallow Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom
Ev'n Friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks
Each social sense and tenderness of life.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread, from the Humber's loud resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd.
But Superstition first, and monkish dreams,
And monk-directed cloister-seeking kings,
Had eat away his vigour, eat away
His edge of Courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering Freedom, which he once respir'd.
Thus cruel ages pass'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred,† from the wilds she came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.

* A famous Danish standard was called Reafan, or Raven. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

† Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,
Then set entire in Hastings'* bloody field.
'Compendious war! (on Britain's glory be
So fate ordain'd) in that decisive day,
The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an isle,
For which, through many a century, in vain
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and ble
Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
Here the rich tide of English blood grew full
'Awhile my Spirit slept; the land awhile,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
Instead of Edward's† equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and, in the secret shade,
Deep-stung but fearful Indignation gnash'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms: with castles cru
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
The shivering wretches, at the curfew ‡ soun
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom of ancient

* The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of t
on kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made hims
ter of England.

† Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West
Mercian, and Danish laws into one body; which from that t
came common to all England, under the name of 'The l
Edward.'

‡ The Curfew-Bell (from the French Couvrefeu) which w
every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to
their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. Ev'n to feed
A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd:
To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
And the brown forest* roughen'd wide around.
'But this so dead, so vile submission, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, my gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,
Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Denied her portion of the plunder'd state,
Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
The Barons next a nobler league began,
Both those of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the Free! press'd by a band†
Of Patriots, ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the Charter, by which life indeed
Becomes of price, a glory to be man. [affirm'd
'Through this, and through succeeding reigns
These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of opposition‡ hence began to blow,

* The New Forest in Hampshire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

† On the 5th of June 1215, King John, met by the Barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

‡ The league formed by the Barons during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the King.

And often since have lent the country life.
Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counsel fly;
Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom.

'Though with the temper'd Monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the People still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full protection knew. For me reserv'd,
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn.
They crown'd my first attempt, in senates* rose
The fort of Freedom! Slow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that soul [left
Which generous nature breathes, and which, when
By me to bondage, was corrupted Rome,
I through the northern regions wide diffus'd.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron nations of the North,
To Lybian deserts swarm protruding swarm,
And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world.
Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the King and Chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engross'd

* The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires: and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the House of Commons to that era

ıe mingled power. But on Britannia's shore
ıw present, I to raise my reign began
raising the Democracy, the third
ıd broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
ıen was the full, the perfect plan, disclos'd
Britain's matchless constitution, mix'd
mutual checking and supporting powers,
ng, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of free
serving, while the vassal-many droop'd:
r since the moment of the whole they form,
, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they
public welfare and of glory cast.
ırk from this period the continual proof.
When Kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
glecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;
oudly regardless of their people's plaints,
ıd poorly passive of insulting foes;
ıuble, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
ıeir mercy fear, necessity their faith;
stead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
sh to resolve, and slothful to perform;
rants at once and slaves, imperious, mean,
want rapacious joining shameful waste;
counsels weak and wicked, easy rous'd
paltry schemes of absolute command,
seek their splendor in their sure disgrace,
ıd in a broken ruin'd people wealth:
hen such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
mbin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
fame abroad, to happiness at home.
But when an Edward*, and a Henry† breath'd

* Edward III. † Henry V.

Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd :
Then counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept
Some ruling point in view ; when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels ; or, if thence they stray'd
Swift to return, and patient of restraint :
When regal state, pre-eminence of place,
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive : as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first ;
When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superior rank ; with equal hand, prepar'd
To guard the subject, and to quell the foe :
When such with me their vital influence shed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard ;
No foul distrust through wary senates ran,
Confin'd their bounty, and their ardour quench'd
On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given :
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd ;
And Cressy, Poictiers, Agincourt*, proclaim
What Kings supported by almighty Love,
And People fir'd with Liberty, can do.

'Be veil'd the savage reigns†, when kindred rage
The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd ! and when, oppress'd

* Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.
† During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant* lend it oil anew.
'Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast
His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,
At pleasuse making and unmaking kings†;
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
A law‡, that let them, by the silent waste
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,
Ev'n working to this day. With streams, deduc'd
From these diminish'd floods, the country smil'd.
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
He foams along; but through Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.
His furious son§ the soul-enslaving chain‖,
Which many a doating venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void

* Henry VII.

† The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the 'King-Maker.'

‡ Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

§ Henry VIII. ‖ Of papal dominion.

Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind;
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That first through Wickliff* streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of Superstition† crawl'd
Her motley sons, fantastic figures all;
And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth
In graceless labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

'Trade join'd to these, on every sea display'd
A daring canvass, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds‡ were roll'd
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily despis'd,
Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves,
Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to pagan climes before,
The worst the zeal-inflam'd barbarian drew.
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine!
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

'The Commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
Against the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave
The beam to fix. She! like the secret Eye
That never closes on a guarded world,

* John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

† Suppression of monasteries.

‡ The Spanish West Indies.

So sought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,
That self-supported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
Inspir'd by me, beneath her sheltering arm,
In spite of raging universal sway*
And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
My Bulwark on the continent, arose.
Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
With confidence, unbounded, fearless love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Cheerful demanded the long threaten'd fleet†,
And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling foe even to the centre shook
Of their new conquer'd world, and, skulking, stole
By weering winds their Indian treasure home.
Meantime, Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,
With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.
'As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague prerogative remain'd;
A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
To the just limit was my great effort.
'By means that evil seem to narrow man,
Superior Beings work their mystic will:
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smil'd. [came,
'The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd

* The dominion of the house of Austria.

† The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Time in the Prince*, who, drunk with flattery,
His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world; [dreamt
Thought scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties: while at home enslav'd,
And by a worthless crew insatiate drain'd,
He lost his people's confidence and love:
Impassable less whence crowns become
An invious burden. Years inglorious pass'd:
Meanwhile Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd;
A Bohemian† Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled.
But nothing rise to these internal broils,
That rancour, he began; while lawless sway
He, with his slavish Doctors, try'd to rear
On metaphysics, on enchanted ground,
And all on many quibbles of the schools:
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! not so the dire effect,
The direct, the foolish discords‡ thence deriv'd,
That rears the country still, by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive.
Nor yet weak, and for the wordy war
Most fitted, thus this prince pursued his claim.
Content to reach the subject herd, how great,
How sacred he! how despicable they!

* James I.

* Fleetor Palatine, and who had been chosen King of Bohemia, but was stripped of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-in-law, being unused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

† The monstrous and till then unheard of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

‡ The parties of Whig and Tory.

And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd, [ground,
King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the
Successive, rush'd.—Lo! from their ashes rose,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-State*.

'The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;
And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king†, [bend.
Was purchas'd‡ that which taught the young to
Stronger restor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The Crown, of its hereditary wealth
Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew,
And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour spread that bitter root,
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first,
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

'This wild delusive cant; the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
The bigot, restless in a double chain
To bind anew the land; the constant need
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
And flattering senates, to supply his waste;
These tore some moments from the careless prince,
And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what corruption shower'd, profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.

'At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,

* At the Restoration. † Charles II.
‡ Court of Wards.

Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold;
The Port* pernicious sold, the Scylla since
And fell Charybdis of the British seas;
Freedom attack'd abroad†, with surer blow
To cut it off at home; the saviour-league‡
Of Europe broke; the progress ev'n advanc'd
Of universal sway§, which to reduce
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
The millions, by a generous people given,
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
And awe the land with forces‖ not their own,
Employ'd; the darling church herself betray'd;
All these, broad glaring, ope'd the general eye,
And wak'd my spirit, the resisting soul.
'Mild was, at first, and half-asham'd, the check
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission, tenets vile! [duc'd
Which slaves would blush to own, and which re-
To practice, always honest nature shock.
Not ev'n the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
Of tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled laws; [land
Nor seiz'd each badge of freedom¶ through th
Nor Sidney bleeding for the' unpublish'd page;
Nor on the bench avow'd corruption plac'd,
And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form**
Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm.
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs

* Dunkirk.
† The war in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.
‡ The Triple Alliance. § Under Lewis
‖ A standing army, raised without the consent of parliam
¶ The charters of corporations. ** Judge Je

Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
The patient public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king*, and hurried fated on
His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scar'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.
Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage:
As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully still, waiting the high command
To spring. Straight from his country Europe sav'd,
To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep
By demons rous'd, and bade the listed winds†,
Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the deliverer to the longing shore.
See! wide alive, the foaming channel‡ bright
With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,

* James II.

† The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

‡ Rapin, in his History of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war.—It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

Delightful view! when justice draws the sword:
Which strike diffusing ardent soul around,
And sweet contempt of death, My streaming flag*.
Hence adverse navies† bless'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
Arm'd the pomp, and not the waste of arms
His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host‡
First ones in yielding, their best victory found,
And by desertion prov'd exalted faith:
While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Silents without groan, and triumph without war.
* Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
The surge of wild prerogative, to raise
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that force, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Sustaining weighty seas. This, often saw'd
By more than human hand, the public saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd § to yield
Destructive power, a wise heroic prince‖
Evil lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings.
What though not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms,

* The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, 'The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England;' and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, '*Je Maintiendrai*, I will maintain.' Rapin.

† The English fleet.

‡ The king's army.

§ By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession.

‖ William III.

unge bold freedom; or, to cheerless wilds,
ive him from the cordial face of friend;
rce to strike him at the midnight hour,
andate blind, not justice, that delights
ire the keenest eye of open day.
though no glory to control the laws,
nake injurious will their only rule,
deem it. What though, tools of wanton
erous armies swarm not at their call. [power.
though they give not a relentless crew
il furies, proud oppression's fangs!
ar at pleasure the dejected land,
starving labour pampering idle waste.
the the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
uiltless tear from lone affliction's eye;
se hid merit, set the' alluring light
tue high to view; to nourish arts,
t the thunder of an injur'd state,
a whole glorious people sing for joy,
humankind, and through the downward depth
ure times to spread that better sun
lights up British soul: for deeds like these,
azzling fair career unbounded lies;
(still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
lly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
ury divine! O poor to this,
ldy glories of despotic thrones!
s, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
ndless good without the power of ill.
d now behold! exalted as the cope
wells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
ke it free, my fabric stands complete,
alace of the laws. To the four heavens

Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye floods descend! ye winds, confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the dust.'

LIBERTY.

PART V.

THE PROSPECT.

CONTENTS.

The author addresses the Goddess of Liberty marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain as arising from her influence. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, Fine Arts, and Public Works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government. The whole concludes with a Prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the author, as it passes in vision before him.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

Here interposing, as the Goddess paus'd;—
'O bless'd Britannia! in thy presence bless'd,
Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring, alone,
All human grandeur, happiness, and fame;
For toil, by thee protected, feels no pain;
The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
And, gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay
Let other lands the potent blessings boast
Of more exalting suns. Let Asia's woods,
Untended, yield the vegetable fleece:
And let the little insect-artist form,
On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose
The various-tinctur'd children of the sun.
From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil.
Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow;
And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their maze.
Let Afric vaunt her treasures; let Peru
Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,

The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,—
Unequall'd bliss!——and to unequall'd rage!
Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,
Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
Where flames the falling day, in wealth and pra
Shall with Britannia vie; while, Goddess, she
Derives her praise from thee, her matchless char
Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own;
And warm with culture, her thick-clustering fi
Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring.
She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase:
She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours
Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy robe
That wraps the nations: she, to lusty droves,
The richest pasture spreads; and, her's, deep-w
Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
These her delights: and by no baneful herb,
No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd
In spires immense progressive o'er the land,
Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities, full
Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds;
Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
Innumerous sow'd along the lively vale,
Where bold unrival'd peasants happy dwell:
Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below
Wind through the mead; and those of modern ha
More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar.
Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
Where swarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Tham
On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,

Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind?
And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell,
And waves, resounding, imitate the main?
Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
That point around the world? and why her seas?
All ocean is her own, and every land
To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.
She too the mineral feeds; the' obedient lead,
The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
And that* the Tyrian merchant sought of old,
Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
She rears to freedom an undaunted race:
Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
Fir'd with a restless, an impatient flame,
That leads him raptur'd where ambition calls:
And English merit her's; where meet, combin'd,
Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
And firm tenacious valour can bestow.
Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, she!
Great nurse of men! by thee, O Goddess, taught,
Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
A strain the Muses never touch'd before.
'But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand?
On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?'
At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice,
Majestic thus she rais'd: 'To Britons bear

* Tin.

This closing strain, and with intenser note
Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear:
'On virtue can alone my kingdom stand,
On public virtue, every virtue join'd.
For, lost this social cement of mankind,
The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder soft away; till, tottering loose,
They, prone at last, to total ruin rush.
Unbless'd by virtue, government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; religion mild, a yoke
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
What are, without it, senates; save a face
Of consultation deep and reason free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are sold
What boasted freedom, save a sounding name
And what election, but a market vile
Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without thee,
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states;
War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
Ev'n justice warps to party, laws oppress,
Wide through the land their weak protection
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sw
Thus nations sink, society dissolves;
Rapine and guile, and violence break loose,
Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Lybia's hissing sands to him are tame.
'By those three virtues be the frame sustain'
Of British freedom: independent life;
Integrity in office; and, o'er all
Supreme, a passion for the commonweal.
'Hail! Independence, hail! Heaven's next best

o that of life and an immortal soul!
he life of life! that to the banquet high
nd sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
air dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
f public freedom, hail, thou secret source!
'hose streams, from every quarter confluent, form
y better Nile, that nurses human life.
y rills from thee deduc'd, irrigorous, fed,
he private field looks gay, with nature's wealth
bundant flows, and blooms with each delight
hat nature craves. Its happy master there,
he only free-man, walks his pleasing round:
weet-featur'd peace attending; fearless truth;
rm resolution; goodness, blessing all
hat can rejoice; contentment, surest friend:
nd still fresh stores from nature's book deriv'd,
ilosophy, companion ever new.
hese cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
'hen into action call'd his busy hours.
eantime true-judging moderate desires,
conomy and taste, combin'd, direct
is clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
cure his little kingdom. Nor can those
'hom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
at truce with pain, that animated ease,
at self-enjoyment springing from within;
at independence, active or retir'd,
hich make the soundest bliss of man below:
it lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
d drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
wandering, tasteless, gaily wretched train,
ough rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.
' Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expense
hey purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.

And nature by presumptuous art oppre
The woodland-genius mourns. See! th
That steams disgust, and bowls that giv
No truth invited there, to feed the min
Nor wit, the wine-rejoicing reason quaf
Hark! how the dome with insolence re
With those retain'd by vanity to scare
Repose and friends. To tyrant fashion,
The costly worship paid, to the broad
Of fools. From still delusive day to da
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See! self-abandon'd, how they roam ad
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wrec
Then to adore some warbling eunuch t
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to th
Of masquerade unblushing: or, to show
Their scorn of nature, at the tragic sce
They mirthful sit, or prove the comic t
But, chief, behold! around the rattling
The civil robbers rang'd; and ev'n the

ı smooth as those that mutually deceive,
for their falsehood each despising each;
shook their patron by the wintry winds,
e flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.
r superior Afric's sable sons,
nerchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
rich, as unsqueez'd favourite, to them,
: who can his virtue boast alone!
Britons! be firm!—nor let corruption sly
ne round your heart indissoluble chains!
steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold
r independence; for, that once destroy'd,
ounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
t flits aërial from the spreading eye.
Forbid it, Heaven! that ever I need urge
grity in office on my sons!
ılcate common honour——not to rob——
l whom?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
t lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
ose cup with many a bitter drop is mix'd;
: guardian public; every face they see,
l every friend; nay, in effect themselves.
n familiar life, the villain's fate
nits no cure; so, when a desperate age
his arrives, I the devoted race
gnant spurn, and hopeless soar away.
But ah, too little known to modern times!
not the noblest passion past unsung;
ıt ray peculiar, from unbounded love
ıs'd, which kindles the heroic soul;
rotion to the public. Glorious flame!

Celestial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profusely scatter'd through the blue immense,
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names
From thee their lustre drew? since, taught by th
Their poverty put splendour to the blush,
Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight?
O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my last retreat?

'"Tis not enough, from self right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:
Though virtue not disdains appeals to self,
Dreads not the trial; all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save her's.
Far less the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath my standard list; can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of my reign?

'An active flood of universal love
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit roves creation round,
And seizes every being: stronger then
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
Of bliss allies: then, more collected still,
It urges humankind: a passion grown,
At last, the central parent-public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers
Than those of self, this Heaven-infus'd delight,
This moral gravitation, rushing prone
To press the public good, my system soon
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,

Will reel to ruin: while for ever shut
Stand the bright portals of desponding fame.
'From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights, that gladden earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette! The' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame.
Not so the times when, emulation-stung,
Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Through the deep periods of devolving time,
Those, raptur'd, copy; these, astonish'd, read.
'True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling smile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse?
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt?
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak,* at distance from redress?
Delirious faction bellowing loud my name?
The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast?

* Lord Molesworth, in his account of Denmark, says—'It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects; whilst the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.'

A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandise alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
Who these indeed can undetesting see?—
But who unpitying? to the generous eye
Distress is virtue; and, though self-betray'd,
A people struggling with their fate must rous
The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,
Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then!
Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside,
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.
Posterity, besides! the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their father's cheek with sh
'Should then the times arrive (which He
avert!)
That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly, que
But by corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.
With party raging, or immers'd in sloth,
Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yie
To slily-conquering Gaul; ev'n from her brow
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd,
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behin
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plagu
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
That sits serene within the forest-shade;
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,

And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught.
Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead;
The hir'd assassins of the commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should public virtue grow the public scoff,
Till private, failing, staggers through the land:
Till round the city loose mechanic want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound:
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop;
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold;
And those, on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
A power to live to nature and themselves,
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean.
Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,
The waste of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions in the gulf absorpt
Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
Of rous'd corruption still demanding more.
That very portion, which (by faithful skill
Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust-band within, and in the bud
Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.
'I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,
If any nobler passion yet remain,
Let all my sons all parties fling aside,

Despise their nonsense, and together join;
Let worth and virtue, scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine, [light,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to
Moral, or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the stars effulge; fainter, at first,
They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant host,
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense;
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

'But why to Britons this superfluous strain?—
Good-nature, honest truth ev'n somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a bless'd retirement still they dwell.

'To softer prospect turn we now the view,
To laurel'd science, arts, and public works,
That lend my finish'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur and grace. Of sullen genius he!
Curs'd by the Muses! by the Graces loath'd!
Who deems beneath the public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of my reign.
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be; let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the city and devour the land:
Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious sunk,
That nation must another Carthage lie.

If not by them, on monumental brass,
On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page,
Impress'd, renown had left no trace behind:
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
The' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath,
They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye, and, dress'd by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
'Science, my close associate, still attends
Where'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,
She walks the furrow with the consul-swain,
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits,
And a whole sapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod:
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat*
Unequall'd glory: with the Theban sage,
Epaminondas, first and best of men!
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before!†

* The famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

† Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion, at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories.

Plutarch in Agesilaus.

Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state
Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide
Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease,
Where, but the' Aonian maids, no sirens sing;
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide-reviving light
To senates holds; a Cataline confounds,
And saves awhile from Cæsar sinking Rome.
Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free;
For me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanc'd world.
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing,)
Neglected droop the head; and public works,
Broke by corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy.
'Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd
Beneath one Royal Head, whose vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer arts, and public works, shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Depress'd, and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, should the' unkingly thirst of gold,
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,

ills locust armies o'er the [illegible] d :
ains from its thirsty bounds [illegible] of wealth,
is own insatiate reserv [illegible] :
the lone desert patriot-mern [illegible] was,
into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,
dignant, bursting; for their nobler works
ll other licence scorn but truth's and mine.
h shame to think! shs Britons, in the field
nconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
r'n in that monarch's reign,* who vainly dreamt,
r giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
grasp unbounded sway; while swarming round,
is armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
nd, that great source of treasure, subjects' blood,
human squander'd, sicken'd every land;
om Britain, chief, while my superior sons,
vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
nd bade his agonizing heart be low:
r'n then, as in the golden calm of peace,
hat public works, at home, what arts arose!
hat various science shone! what genius glow'd!
"'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
er fair extents of land, the shining road;
he flood-compelling arch; the long canal,†
hrough mountains piercing and uniting seas;
he dome‡ resounding sweet with infant joy,
rom famine sav'd, or cruel-handed shame;
nd that‡ where valour counts his noble scars;
he land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
f the fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed;

* Lewis XIV. † The Canal of Languedoc.
‡ The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

The robber from his farthest forest chas'd;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd arts,
And science, by despotic bounty bless'd,
At distance flourish'd from my parent-eye.
Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose:
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage. In elegant Racine;
How the more powerful though more humble v
Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breath'd
The whole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's sc
Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour grac'd,
Was life itself. To public honours rais'd,
How learning in warm seminaries* spread;
And, more for glory than the small reward,
How emulation strove. How their pure tongu
Almost obtain'd what was denied their arms.
From Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted lon
With Poussin came; ancient design, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another soul.
How the kind art,† that, of unvalued price,
The fam'd, and only picture, easy, gives,
Refin'd her touch, and, through the shadow'd pi
All the live spirit of the painter pour'd.
Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign
A look, and bade her Girardon arise.
How lavish grandeur blaz'd; the barren waste
Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell,

* The Academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of
ing. † Engraving.

And fountains spout amid its arid shades.
For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
How forests in majestic gardens smil'd.
How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illumin'd the storied wall,
And with the pencil vied the glowing loom.*

'These laurels, Lewis, by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade, [brow;
And, green through future times, shall bind thy
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-sunk millions fed? Superior still,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of arts,
A false uncertain spring, when Bounty gives,
Weak without me, a transitory gleam.
Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow;
Till arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
Their tender blossom: then malignant rise
The blights of Envy, of those insect clouds,
That, blasting merit, often cover courts;
Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
His wavering ardour fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuse his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants come,

* The tapestry of the Gobelins.

Each sprig of genius killing at the root.
But when with me imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring;
While mingled autumn every harvest pours
Of every land; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil, and Nature can produce.'
Here ceas'd the Goddess; and her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer:
'Oh forming light of life! O better sun!
Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy north,
Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies,
That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile:
When shall we call these ancient laurels ours?
And when thy work complete?' Straight with her
Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes. [hand,
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve,
So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below:
The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright rising eras instant rush'd to light. [hold!
'They come! great Goddess! I the times be-
The times our fathers, in the bloody field,
Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
In the warm struggles of the senate-fight.
The times I see! whose glory to supply,
For toiling ages, Commerce round the world
Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with Rome
Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
'Lo! Princes I behold! contriving still,
And still conducting firm some brave design;
Kings! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,

Burst the blockade of false designing men,
Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:
Their court rejoicing millions; Worth, alone,
And Virtue dear to them; their best delight,
In just proportion, to give general joy;
Their jealous care thy kingdom to maintain;
The public glory theirs; unsparing love
Their endless treasure; and their deeds their praise.
With thee they work. Nought can resist your force:
Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats:
Strong spread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art;
His bashful bounds disclosing Merit breaks;
And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows
Expansive o'er the land. Another race
Of generous youth, of patriot-sires, I see!
Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
Of court, and ball, and play; those venal souls,
Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
'I see the fountain's purg'd! whence life derives
A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.
Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
At once informing light and moving flame;
Till moral, public, graceful action crowns
The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
In all that mind or body can adorn,
And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,

And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
'Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
Unpurchas'd shines on all; and from her beam,
Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,
That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieve
See! how her legal furies bite the lip,
While Yorkes and Talbots their deep snares detec
And seize swift justice through the clouds they rais
'See! social Labour lifts his guarded head,
And men not yield to government in vain.
From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,
And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste;
Lo! rais'd their haunts, down dash'd their madde
ing bowl,
A nation's poison! beauteous order reigns!
Manly submission, unimposing toil,
Trade without guile, civility that marks
From the foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,
And fearless peace. Or should affronting war
To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,
Unfailing fields of freemen I behold!
That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
Their own bless'd isle against a leaguing world.
Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway:
The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain;
And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.
'Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
Of undeserv'd distress, the better home
Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
Nor built on rapine, servitude, and woe,

And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise;
Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah s
'Horrid with want and misery, no more
Our streets the tender passenger afflict.
Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,
Or home, or bed to bear his burning load;
Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
Its guiltless pangs; I see! the stores, profuse,
Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
No more the sacrilegious riot swell
Of cannibal devourers! right applied,
No starving wretch the land of freedom stains:
If poor, employment finds: if old, demands,
If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due;
And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
Sweet sets the sun of stormy life; and sweet
The morning shines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
Lo! how they rise! these families of Heaven!
That! chief,* (but why—ye bigots?—why so late?)
Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
What smiles of praise! and, while their song ascends,
The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
'Hark? the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
With active nature, warm impassion'd truth,
Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
various string, and heart-felt image fill'd.
Behold! I see the dread delightful school
temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
tor'd: behold! the well-dissembled scene
s from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,

* The Foundling Hospital.

Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
Lo! vanish'd monster land. Lo! driven away
Those that Apollo's sacred walks profane:
Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
Unknown to nature, Chaos more confus'd,
O'er the brute scene its Ouran-Outangs pours;*
Detested forms! that, on the mind impress'd,
Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

'Behold! all thine again the Sister-Arts,
Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd
Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.

'Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confess:
For kings and senates fit, the palace see!
The temple breathing a religious awe;
Ev'n fram'd with elegance the plain retreat.
The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
Taste, never idly working, saves expense.

'See! silvan scenes, where Art alone pretends
To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms:
Such as a Pope in miniature has shown;†
A Bathurst o'er the widening forest‡ spreads;
And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.

'August, around, what public works I see!
Lo! stately streets, lo! squares that court the breeze,
In spite of those to whom pertains the care,

* A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man. *See Dr. Tyson's Treatise on this animal.*

† At his Twickenham-Villa.

‡ Okely-woods, near Cirencester.

Ingulfing more that founded Roman ways,
Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.
Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
With easy sweep bestrides the chasing flood.
See! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
Each part with each, and with the circling main
The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! ports expand,
Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
On every pointed coast the light-house tow'rs;
And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars.'
As thick to view these varied wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport, unassur'd;
The Vision broke; and, on my waking eye,
Rush'd the still ruins of dejected Rome.

ON THE

*DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.**

ıbled muses, I your aid disclaim,
· airy raptures, and your fancied flame:
genuine woe my throbbing breast inspires,
prompts my lays, and filial duty fires;
soul springs instant at the warm design,
the heart dictates every flowing line.
where the kindest, best of mothers lies,
death has shut her ever-weeping eyes;
odg'd at last peace in her weary breast,
lull'd her many piercing cares to rest.
ıore the orphan-train around her stands,
e her full heart upbraids her needy hands!
ıore the widow's lonely fate she feels,
ıhock severe that modest want conceals,
oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy pride,
ɔoverty's unnumber'd ills beside.
ee! attended by the' angelic throng,
ıgh yonder worlds of light she glides along,
:laims the well-earn'd raptures of the sky:—
ɔnd concern recalls the mother's eye;
eeks the helpless orphans left behind;
rdly left! so bitterly resign'd!
ɜtill! is she my soul's divinest theme,
ʼaking vision, and the wailing dream:
the ruddy sun's enlivening blaze
ny dark eyes her dewy image plays,

zabeth Trotter, a coheiress of a genteel family in the neigh-
d of Greenlaw, in Berwickshire.

And in the dread dominion of the night
Shines out again the sadly pleasing sight.
Triumphant virtue all around her darts,
And more than volumes every look imparts—
Looks, soft, yet awful; melting, yet serene;
Where both the mother and the saint are seen.
But ah! that night—that torturing night remains;
May darkness dye it with the deepest stains,
May joy on it forsake her rosy bow'rs,
And screaming sorrow blast its baleful hours,
When on the margin of the briny flood*
Chill'd with a sad presaging damp I stood,
Took the last look, ne'er to behold her more,
And mix'd our murmurs with the wavy roar;
Heard the last words fall from her pious tongue,
Then, wild into the bulging vessel flung,
Which soon, too soon, convey'd me from her sight,
Dearer than life, and liberty, and light!
Why was I then, ye powers, reserv'd for this?
Nor sunk that moment in the vast abyss?
Devour'd at once by the relentless wave,
And whelm'd for ever in a watery grave?—
Down, ye wild wishes of unruly woe—
I see her with immortal beauty glow;
The early wrinkle, care-contracted, gone,
Her tears all wip'd, and all her sorrows flown;
The' exalted voice of Heaven I hear her breathe,
To soothe her soul in agonies of death.
I see her through the mansions bless'd above,
And now she meets her dear expecting Love.
Heart-cheering sight! but yet, alas! o'erspread
By the damp gloom of Grief's uncheerful shade.

* On the shore of Leith, when he embarked for London.

Come then, of reason the reflecting hour,
And let me trust the kind o'er-ruling POWER,
Who from the right commands the shining day,
The poor man's portion, and the orphan's stay!

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

(INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.)

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
Astonished into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man?—Ev'n now the sons of light,
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am not I deterr'd, though high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire
In Nature's general symphony to join.
And what new wonders can you show your guest!
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws,
Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
Wide working through this universal frame.
Have ye not listened while he bound the Suns
And Planets, to their spheres! the' unequal task
Of humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd

The pride of schools, before their course was known
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone. [strong
What were his raptures then! how pure! how
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdued by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he by the blended power
Of Gravitation and Projection saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd our wandering Queen of Night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, He
Adjusted to the mutual Main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning, till again

The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
  Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss;
Or such as further in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.
  O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! And O, belov'd
Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.
  He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The Comet through the long eliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
  The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling Vortices, and circling Spheres,
To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,

With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun!
The' aërial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
Ev'n Light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And next delicious Yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green.
Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd Indico, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watery bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-blushing, ever-new.
Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook!
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends?
Ev'n now the setting sun and shifting clouds,

Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.
The noiseless tide of Time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stem'd alone; and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.
But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme?
What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge? For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that POWER
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh, speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares, and visionary joys,
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of Being dare contend,—say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?
But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound through the world—'Tis done!—The measure's full;
And I resign my charge.'——Ye mouldering stones
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worshipp'd name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear.
And elegiac song. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders through those endless world
He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their author with his glad compeers.
O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-bless'd,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,

Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From light himself; Oh, look with pity down
On humankind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected Country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee [forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene

ON THE

*DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN.**

Oh, could I draw, my friend, thy genuine mind,
Just as the living forms by thee design'd;
Of Raphael's figures none should fairer shine,
Nor Titian's colours longer last than mine.

* Mr. Aikman was born in Scotland, and designed for the profession of the law: but travelled to Italy, and returned a painter. He was patronised in Scotland by the Duke of Argyle, and afterwards met with encouragement to settle in London: but falling into a long and languishing disease, he died at his house in Leicester-fields, June 1731, aged 50. Boyse wrote a panegyric upon him, and Mallet an epitaph. See Walpole's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 41.

A mind in wisdom old, in lenience young,
From fervent truth where every virtue sprung;
Where all was real, modest, plain, sincere;
Worth above show, and goodness unsevere:
View'd round and round, as lucid diamonds throw
Still as you turn them a revolving glow,
So did his mind reflect with secret ray,
In various virtues, Heaven's internal day;
Whether in high discourse it soar'd sublime
And sprung impatient o'er the bounds of Time,
Or wandering nature through with raptur'd eye,
Ador'd the hand that turn'd yon azure sky:
Whether to social life he bent his thought,
And the right poise of mingling passions sought,
Gay converse bless'd; or in the thoughtful grove
Bid the heart open every source of love:
New varying lights still set before your eyes
The just, the good, the social, or the wise.
For such a death who can, who would refuse
The friend a tear, a verse the mournful muse?
Yet pay we just acknowledgment to heaven,
Though snatch'd so soon, that Aikman e'er was given
A friend, when dead, is but remov'd from sight,
Hid in the lustre of eternal light:
Oft with the mind he wonted converse keeps
In the lone walk, or when the body sleeps
Lets in a wandering ray, and all elate
Wings and attracts her to another state;
And, when the parting storms of life are o'er,
May yet rejoin him in a happier shore.
As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life at last—but breathing clay.
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.

Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death;
And dying, all he can resign is breath.

TO THE

MEMORY.

OF THE

RIGHT HON. LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(*Addressed to his son.*)

While with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost; permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,
To praise dead worth and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where interest ends;
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspir'd,
Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
Unhappy that she may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?
  Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
The *graceful ease*, the flowing tongue of Greece,

Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
  Eternal Wisdom, that all-quickening sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man:
And hence, respónsive to his knowledge glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
In consort foul agree; each heightening each;
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
  What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue was not his;
What that can render man or great, or good,
Give useful worth, or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish peace. The Syren of the wise,
(Who steals the' Aonian song, and, in the shape
Of Virtue, wooes them from a worthless world)
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,
As silent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reigns of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,
Than those that mingled with our truest good,

With present honour and immortal fame,
Involve the good of all? An empty form
Is the weak Virtue, that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action: action, that disdain'd
To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,
That might be sav'd; disdain'd for coward ease,
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
And those high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs;
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste
Of ruffian storms and Winter's lawless rage.
In him Astrea, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of humankind. For that he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model states:
Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,
Where, rais'd above black Envy's darkening clouds,

Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd victorious ravagers no more!
Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze!
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,
You scatter famine, pestilence, and war;
Vanish! before this vernal sun of fame;
Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy.
How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke!
While on the' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplex'd,
Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease?
The solid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame the' impassion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
By Heaven—He, sacred to his country's cause,
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,
He all that noblest eloquence effus'd,
Which generous passion, taught by reason, breathes
Then spoke the man; and, over barren art,
Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
His client was, humanity and truth.
Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd,
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,

ure intelligence. No tumult there,
dark emotion, no intemperate heat,
passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
ıt round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
: love of justice, like the steady sun,
:qual ardour lent; and sometimes rais'd
ıinst the sons of violence, of pride,
l bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
still by sober dignity restrain'd.
ıntuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
with progressive patience step by step,
:-diffident, or to the slower kind,
through the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
l ev'n the loser own'd the just decree.
ut when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
ighten'd Freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
insight deep into Britannia's weal,
ıntaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
l the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
specious swell, no frothy pomp of words
l on the cheated ear; no studied maze
declamation, to perplex the right,
darkening threw around: safe in itself,
ts own force, all-powerful Reason spoke;
ile on the great the ruling point, at once,
stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
lengthen further out the clear debate.
ıviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
ır'd ardent forth in eloquence unbid,
: heart attends: for let the venal try
:ir every hardening stupifying art,
ıth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,

And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.
  Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom! such abilities! and join'd
To virtue so determin'd public zeal,
And honour of such adamantine proof,
As ev'n corruption, hopeless, and o'er-aw'd,
Durst not have tempted! yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,
And ever jealous freedom sleep in peace.
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
And many a patriot-counsel with him lost!
Counsels, that might have humbled Briton's foe,
Her native foe, from eldest time by fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.
  Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge,
Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
When he confer'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good!
His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,

But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.
The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
The silent treasures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world,
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

Still let me view him in the pleasing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
There, with that truest greatness he appear'd
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
Inspiring social confidence and ease.
As free the converse of the wise and good,
As joyous, disentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight.
As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,
Or gentle beaming autumn's pensive shade,
The philosophic mind with nature talks.
Say ye, his sons, his dear remains, with whom
The father laid superfluous state aside,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,
The pure, serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
In *semblance of* amusement, through the breast
Infus'd. *And thou,* O Rundle* ! lend thy strain.

* Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry, in Ireland.

Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!
In whom the head and heart their stores unite:
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
With memory conversing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush
Impetuous. Though from native sun-shine driven,
Driven from your friends, the sun-shine of the soul,
By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd,
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.
I too remember well that cheerful bowl,
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth;
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
Not simple nature's unaffected sons,
The blameless Indians, round their forest-cheer,
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
Hold more unspotted converse; nor of old,
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul

yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
re Socrates presided, fairer truth,
elegant humanity, more grace,
nore refin'd, or deeper science reign'd.
t far beyond the little vulgar bounds
mily, or friends, or native land,
ist degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
nded his benevolence: a friend
umankind, to parent nature's works.
ee access, and of engaging grace,
as a brother to a brother owes,
ept an open judging ear for all,
spread an open countenance, where smil'd
fair effulgence of an open heart;
e on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
nothing human foreign was to him.
ius to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
hard to be supported, you succeed:
kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
ll, through latest time, enrich your race,
n grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,
with their authors in oblivion sunk
titles lie, the servile badges oft
ean submission, not the meed of worth.
genuine honour its large patent holds
l mankind, through every land and age,
niversal reason's various sons,
ev'n of God himself, sole perfect Judge!
know these noblest honours of the mind
igid terms descend: the high-plac'd heir,
'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
gnant seeks out faults, cannot through life,
d the nameless insects of a court,

Unheeded steal: but, with his sire compar'd,
He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, the' officious Muse
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and strength,
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worst of zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues claim another source,
Than the blind maze of undesigning blood;
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.
Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country: whence to bless mankind,
Eternal goodness, on this darksome spot
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of Heaven and earth,
And to the' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons
The best of friends!——Too soon is realiz'd

ıat hope, which once forbad thy tears to flow!
ɜanwhile the kindred souls of every land,
[owe'er divided in the fretful days
'prejudice and error) mingled now,
one selected never-jarring state,
here GOD himself their only monarch reigns,
rtake the joy; yet, such the sense that still
:mains of earthly woes, for us below,
ıd for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.
ıt cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive
› quit this cloudy sphere, that binds thee down:
is not for mortal hand to trace these scenes.—
enes, that our gross ideas grovelling cast
hind, and strike our boldest language dumb.
Forgive, immortal Shade! if aught from earth,
om dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,
here flows celestial harmony, forgive
ıis fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
ı every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves
test thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,
ıd orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
ıe sons of justice and the sons of strife,
l who or freedom or who interest prize,
deep-divided nation's parties all,
nspire to swell thy spotless praise to Heaven.
ıd Heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres
ith songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
ıw vain this tribute then! this lowly lay!
t nought is vain which gratitude inspires.
.e Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
virtue, to her country, to mankind,
ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,
to her *priestess*, gives it her to hymn
ıatever good and excellent she forms.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

Here, Stanley, rest! escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life,
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain;
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm:
To show us virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless reason's moral reign,
What boastful science arrogates in vain;
The' obedient passions knowing each their part:
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey;
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye:
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Bless'd be the bark! that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;

le all my warring passions are at strife,
:t me listen to the words of life!
ures deep-felt HIS doctrine did impart,
thus HE rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
'hink not, when all, your scanty stores afford,
read at once upon the sparing board;
k not, when worn the homely robe appears,
:e, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
t further shall this feeble life sustain,
what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
does not life its nourishment exceed?
the fair body its investing weed?
ehold! and look away your low despair—
:he light tenants of the barren air:
ıem, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
;ht, but the woodland, and the pleasing song;
your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
ıe least wing, that flits along the sky.
im they sing, when spring renews the plain,
im they cry, in Winter's pinching reign;
ıs their music, nor their plaint in vain;
ears the gay, and the distressful call,
with unsparing bounty fills them all.
bserve the rising lily's snowy grace,
rve the various vegetable race;
' neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
ee how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
t regal vestments can with them compare!
t king so shining! or what queen fo fair!
ıseless thus the fowls of Heaven he feeds,
:r the fields such lucid robes he spreads:
he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
unwise? or, are ye less than they?"

ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.

Ethereal race, inhabitants of air,
  Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
Ye unseen beings to my harp repair,
  And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
  With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
  Who died for love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
  On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he, the sacred Bard,* who sat alone
  In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
  When by Euphrates' stream they made their [plaint;
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
  Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
  Through Heaven's high dome their awful anthem [raise;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
  To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
  Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string.
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
  For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

* Jeremiah.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hertford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;

But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head;
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

TO SERAPHINA.

The wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering unauspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,

Is like the sacred queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers bless'd,
Conducting them to peace and rest.
A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heaven-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina, sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO AMANDA.

Ah, urg'd too late! from beauty's bondage free,
Why did I trust my liberty with thee?—
And thou, why didst thou, with inhuman art,
If not resolv'd to take, seduce my heart?
Yes, yes, you said, for lover's eyes speak true;
You must have seen how fast my passion grew:
And, when your glances chanc'd on me to shine,
How my fond soul ecstatic sprung to thine!
But mark me, fair-one—what I now declare
Thy deep attention claims and serious care:
It is no common passion fires my breast;
I must be wretched, or I must be bless'd!

My woes all other remedy deny;
Or, pitying, give me hope, or bid me die!

TO THE SAME,

WITH A COPY OF THE 'SEASONS'.

Accept, lov'd Nymph, this tribute due
To tender friendship, love, and you:
But with it take what breath'd the whole,
O! take to thine the poet's soul.
If Fancy here her power displays,
And if a heart exalt these lays—
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine

SONG.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
  Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
  Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free at pleasure, roam,
  And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
  Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
  While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
  And every tear is full of thee:

hen the weary eye of grief,
some sympathetic stream,
er find a short relief,
sit thou my soothing dream!

SONG.

ntle God of soft desire,
and possess my happy breast,
-like in flames and fire,
ntic folly's wildness dress'd;

e in friendship's angel-guise;
arer thou than friendship art,
ider spirit in thy eyes,
sweet emotions at the heart.

with goodness in thy train,
peace and pleasure void of storm,
ildst thou me for ever gain,
Amanda's winning form.

SONG.

the God of fond desire,
schief bent, to Damon said,
ot disclose your tender fire,
wn it to the lovely maid?'

pherd mark'd his treacherous art,
softly sighing, thus replied:
e, you have subdued my heart,
all not triumph o'er my pride.

'The slave, in private only bears
  Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his passion he declares,
  You drag him at your chariot-wheels.'

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
  Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
  But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
  Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
  In fresher mazes o'er the green:

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
  To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
  And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh! tell her what she cannot blame,
  Though fear my tongue must ever bind,
Oh tell her, that my virtuous flame
  Is, as her spotless soul, refin'd.

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
  With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
  Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
  Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear——
  True love and friendship are the same.

SONG.

Unless with my Amanda bless'd,
  In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
  In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
  In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:—
  Without my love there is no Spring.

SONG.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part.

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the love of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.*

For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,
  That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bless'd in the full possession of thy love:
  O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
  I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
  Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
  Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
  And love and song is all your pleasing care:

* A MS. copy of this song, in Lord Buchan's collection, concluded thus:

For pomp, and noise, and senseless show,
To make us Nature's joys forego,
Beneath a gay dominion groan,
And put the golden fetters on!

ut we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be bless'd, lest envious tongues should
blame:
nd hence, in vain, I languish for my bride!
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

SONG.

THOU, whose tender serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind I love;
he gentle azure of the skies,
The pensive shadows of the grove:

mix their bounteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
et all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd through my soul be all their darts.

a! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
At once so soft, so keen a ray:
pity then, my lovely fair,
O turn those killing eyes away!

it what avails it to conceal
One charm, where nought but charms I see?
ieir lustre then again reveal,
And let me, Myra, die of thee!

TO THE

REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL, IN SUFFOLK. 1738.

ius safely low, my friend, thou can'st not fall:
ere *reigns* a *deep* tranquillity o'er all;

No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled li
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state!

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

While secret-leaguing nations frown around,
  Ready to pour the long-expected storm;
While she, who wont the restless Gaul to bound.
  Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form;
While on our vitals selfish parties prey,
And deep corruption eats our soul away:

Yet in the Goddess of the Main appears
  A gleam of joy, gay-flushing every grace,
As she the cordial-voice of millions hears,
  Rejoicing, zealous, o'er thy rising race:
Straight her rekindling eyes resume their fire,
The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But more enchanting than the Muse's song,
  United Britons thy dear offspring hail:
The city triumphs through her glowing throng,
  The shepherd tells his transport to the dale;
The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,
And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,
And thine, thou friend of liberty! be born:
Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good;
What will, at once, defend us and adorn?
From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,
New Henrys, Annas, and Elizas rise.

May fate my fond devoted days extend,
To sing the promis'd glories of thy reign!
What though, by years depress'd, my Muse might bend;
My heart will teach her still a nobler strain:
How, with recover'd Britain, will she soar,
When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He's not the happy man, to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes:
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year;
Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the [spring,
Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing;
For whom the cooling shade in summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines:
From whose wide fields unbounded autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores:
Whose winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;
While youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves.

Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
Can make the happy man, without the mind,
Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze;
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;
Where social love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand,
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.
Nor canst thou, Dodington, this truth decline,
Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

ON THE

REPORT OF A WOODEN-BRIDGE,

TO BE BUILT AT WESTMINSTER,

By Rufus' hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provok'd, the Genius of the river rose,
And thus exclaim'd: 'Have I, ye British swains,
Have I for ages lav'd your fertile plains?
Giv'n herds, and flocks, and villages increase,
And fed a richer than a golden fleece?
Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,
Pour'd Afric's treasure in, and India's pride?
Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?
Made every climate your's, and every soil?
Yet, pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming base,
Yet must a wooden-bridge my waves disgrace?
Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,
And be it publish'd in no Gallic vale.'
He said; and plunging to his crystal dome,
While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

THE

COMPARABLE SOPORIFIC DOCTOR.

ET, sleeky Doctor! dear pacific soul!
at the beef, and suck the vital bowl!
let the' involving smoke around thee fly,
broad-look'd dullness settle in thine eye.
soft in down these dainty limbs repose,
in the very lap of slumber doze;
chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
forth the lambent glories of thy face;
ght the thoughts of dinner can prevail,
sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail,
he thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,
lean on the lethargic book thy head.
se eyes wipe often with the hallow'd lawn,
oundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
' let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,
let thy thoughts be distanc'd by thy tongue,
e the lingerers are within a call,
' on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.
—only yet—the swimming head we bend:
when serene, the pulpit you ascend,
ough every joint a gentle horror creeps,
round you the consenting audience sleeps.
when an ass with sluggish front appears,
horses start, and prick their quivering ears;
soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,
fields all thunder, and they bound away.

PROLOGUE

TO MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.

SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,
To picture life, and show the' impassion'd mi
The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage
The moral school of each enlighten'd age.
There, in full pomp, the tragic Muse appears,
Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.
Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart:
She pours it strong, and instant, through the h
If virtue is the theme: we sudden glow
With generous flame: and, what we feel, we
If vice she paints; indignant passions rise;
The villain sees himself with loathing eyes.
His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan,
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.
To night our meaning scene attempts to sh
What fell events from dark suspicion flow;
Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,
To the false herd of flattering slaves confin'd.
The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state;
Ev'n excellence but serves to feel its hate:
To hate remorseless cruelty succeeds,
And every worth, and every virtue, bleeds.
Behold, our author at your bar appears,
His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears
Faults he has many—but to balance those,
His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows:
All slighter errors let indulgence spare,
And be his equal trial full and fair.
For this best British privilege we call,
Then—as he merits, let him stand, or fall.

The following Ode was omitted in the former Edition.

ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
  Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
  And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia! rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.'

The nations not so bless'd as thee,
  Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
  The dread and envy of them all.
'Rule,' &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
  More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
  Serves but to root thy native oak.
'Rule,' &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
  All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
  But work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule,' &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
  Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
  And every shore it circles thine.
'Rule,' &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
  Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
  And manly hearts to guard the fair:
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.'

END OF VOL. XXII